

The Forum

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WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH EDUCATION?

By WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN

SOMETIME in the years of the future we shall look back on the educational system of the twentieth century with the same feeling of revulsion as we now regard the superstitions of the Middle Ages. These are hard words but they are calmly and deliberately chosen. They would be insanely foolish and wantonly unjust if not substantiated by proof. They would be incendiary, useless and dangerously unsettling were no better way provided. *There is a better way, there is a new model.*

(The failure of education is not limited to America; it extends over the whole civilized world. The most vital problem before humanity today is a true system of education, for it is only as we train individuals and peoples to think, to use their minds and all their other powers to highest efficiency that we shall find any adequate solution of our other problems, mental, moral, social, political, economic and industrial. We are failing miserably to solve them today because we have not been able to bring the trained minds of a trained people to bear upon them. We have been relying on the trained minds of a few leaders to carry and control the mass.

This is a deeply personal question to every individual. It determines the character of the world in which he lives, his own living and that of his children and all those dear to him. We are all going through life on but a small percentage of the mental powers that should be ours. Even our senses, through which all the raw material of thought enters the mind, are not only absolutely untrained but actually weak, dull, drugged and deadened. How can we think, remember, judge, reason and imagine with clearness and force when the very impressions upon which the mind works are blurred, confused and imperfect? How can we expect to have clear expression unless we begin with clear impression? There is not one single power, faculty, process or quality of the mind that is trained and developed by our present system of education. Our powers are not merely untrained—they are positively mistrained.

For centuries our ablest thinkers have criticized and condemned the process of education. The severe criticisms written hundreds of years ago are as apt, pertinent and up-to-date as though they had just appeared in this morning's paper. Swedenborg, over two centuries ago, said: "As the strength of a man's body depends upon his digestive powers and not on the size of his stomach, so also it is with the mind of man. It is not the cramming of his mental stomach, of his memory, with all sorts of knowledge that makes him an intelligent man and a rational man, but it is his mode of digesting his knowledge." James A. Froude said: "To cram a man's mind with infinite names of things which he never handled, places he never saw or will see, statements of fact which he cannot possibly understand and must remain merely words to him—this, in my opinion, is like loading his stomach with marbles." These are but typical of what hundreds of thinkers have said through the centuries, yet the degenerating process goes on, not only unchecked, but intensified. It is worse, because we are giving more.

While the evil of the system is recognized in varying degrees we have failed to change it because we have not per-

factly diagnosed the nature and seat of the disease. We have over-emphasized details not seen the problem as a whole. We have been treating symptoms not discovering the basic cause. We have ever assumed that somehow, despite its failings, it was sound organically, right in principle. We have ever assumed that if we cut out the cramming, secured a higher grade of teachers, divorced it from politics, lengthened or shortened the course, changed the method of teaching this or that study, by introducing new studies or curtailing old ones, by some patching, tinkering or modifying, we could make the machine run beautifully. We have had countless wise and sane educational suggestions, excellent in themselves, yet they have failed to produce expected results. It has been as hopeless as trying to graft a living shoot on an artificial plant.

We have not had the courage to challenge the basic theory of education, the very foundation principle of the colossal, complicated and antiquated model itself. We have had much destructive criticism of details, but not the clear vision of the intrinsic and organic weakness of the present model and that constructive criticism which would set forth the general lines of a new model in accord with which our system of today could gradually, effectively and progressively be re-modeled. Unless we can see and realize the real cause of the failure, we can never transform that failure into success. (This one fundamental weakness of our educational system is that it is erected on the rotten foundation of a false theory.) All the evils and failings of education in the elementary school, the high school and the college, whether in what it does or in what it leaves undone is directly traceable to its hopelessly wrong basic error in principle. The theory of education, not as we get it from the ideals of educators but as it is evidenced in very detail of the system as it actually exists today, can be given in a single sentence:

Education believes that by forcing a certain amount of knowledge, principally by means of text-books, into

the minds of children, that somehow in the divine mystery of mental processes this knowledge will not only be retained, but the mind of the individual will be exercised, trained and developed.

Education makes the acquiring of knowledge the main effort and training the mind a by-product. She does not prepare the mind for learning nor directly attempt to train mental powers. The true method is diametrically opposed to this. It makes the training and exercising of every power process, faculty or quality of mind the first and supreme aim, and the acquiring of knowledge secondary. The trained mind absorbs knowledge, acquires and retains it, but mere knowledge does not give a trained mind.

Suppose a gardner were to take a plot of ground, and, without turning up the soil, preparing it or fertilizing it or doing anything to put it in good condition he were to plant it with seed of all kinds, covering every inch of the plot. Suppose that he then said: "This process will of itself enrich the soil and will produce beautiful flowers," we should think he had suddenly lost his reason. Because he did not first care for the soil and prepare it for the seed we would know that because of his wrong method he would accomplish neither of his claims, he would neither enrich the soil nor produce fine flowers, the soil would be unimproved and the plants poor, stunted, scrawny failures. Such a theory is not a whit more senseless and imbecile than the theory of our educational system.

The theory of training the mind first and making knowledge secondary, because it is right and sound as a principle gives both mental power and knowledge. Education, because of her wrong principle, gives neither. She fails in both. The knowledge crammed into the mind of a child is neither assimilated nor retained and the mind instead of being quickened and rendered live, active and alert is actually chloroformed, dulled and deadened by stuffing and over-loading it with what it cannot digest.

The new ideal making the exercise of the whole mind its first purpose would incidentally give more real vital brain-building knowledge than the encyclopedic mess given today. It would be useful, usable knowledge, understood and digested, that would feed and nourish the powers of the mind, stimulate them, call forth their activities. It would be such knowledge first as would illuminate for the child the life around it, that would interpret it and be constantly used in his every-day living and would lead the child to clearer thinking and greater wisdom.

This direct and positive reversal of our present educational theory would transform education. It would substitute a right way for a wrong way, a natural method and process for one that is arbitrary and artificial. It would change the ideals, the attitude, the atmosphere, the spirit and method of teaching. Education would be a joy to the child and to the older student instead of a long, dreary, painful process. What was learned would at once become part of one's thinking and would be a constant inspiration throughout the whole later life of the individual. He would carry into business and all of the other phases and activities of his living the principles and powers in which he had been trained. With our present system—except for what we have learned of reading, writing and arithmetic—we put practically all our education behind us, on passing our final examinations, as if it were a long spell of sickness we were seeking to forget.

We have charged education first with failure to give knowledge that is retained. The proof of the justness and fairness of this charge is simple. From our earliest school years we have had constantly dinned into our ears the "value" of what we were learning. Under the hypnotic spell of constant reiteration we somehow believed that in some occult way it must be true but we could not know it was true. At our college graduation we heard something like this: "Gentlemen, you are now leaving these classic halls of learning, hallowed with memories and associations

that will be forever dear to you. You have acquired knowledge that will be of great value to you in the battle of life. Full panoplied with wisdom, with high ideals and clear vision, with trained minds and conscious power you are now prepared to enter on your life-work."

This is sheer buncombe that would be humorous if it were not tragic. There is no one of these statements that is not absolutely false to the fact. We have been fooled and duped as certainly and thoroughly as if it were all done with direct conscious intent. Hardly has a student completed any textbook or any study, hardly has two weeks elapsed before he has to cram on it anew to get a superficial, temporary veneer of knowledge to carry him through an examination. This vaunted knowledge which was to be "of great value in the battle of life" cannot stand the strain of a two weeks evaporation. A year or two later the student could not get a ten per cent marking if re-examined.

Education knows this to be true. Every teacher and professor knows it to be true. Every student vaguely realizes it and yet the same ghastly farce goes on, year after year, with millions of children in countless thousands of schools. We have sold the birthright of our golden years of possibility for a mess of undigested facts, unassimilated shreds of information, distorted perceptions, confused and unrelated ideas and vague memories that education irreverently calls "knowledge."

The one great proof of the indestructibility of the human mind is that it somehow survives its education. When we go out into the world we manage to get along somehow; we turn as best we can to the natural use of the powers of the mind, but we are sadly handicapped because we have never been taught how to train them or develop them. What we are does not measure up to what we are capable of being or what we should be. If we succeed in life, it is in spite of our education, not because of it.

As to the boast of Education that she trains the mind, this is as empty and false as her claim to give lasting knowledge.

We have blindly trusted her promises; we have paid her price in years of effort but she has not delivered the goods. She not only does not do this but it would be impossible for her to do it by her present methods.

Does she train the senses? The kindergarten goes a few steps when it is necessary to go leagues. Does she train consciously and directly the student's perception, so that it is easy, rapid, comprehensive, certain, efficient? Does she train his observation so that he may think properly of what he sees and hears and make his own instant deductions? Does she train his reasoning so that he may think out clearly and soundly the problems of his life and the manifold impressions that come to him? Does she train his memory for faces, for names, for dates, for locations, for events? Does she train his judgment, his will, his self-control? Does she directly exercise his imagination, train it and show him how he may train it still further and keep it under the control of will and guided by reason?

Does she give him an appreciation of the good, the beautiful and the true and develop in him a taste for the finest, a love for the best? Does she give him a strong virile vocabulary in his native tongue, ever at his control, with knowledge of how to increase and strengthen it? Does she thrill the individual with the vision of her possibility, start his mind tingling and aglow with the joy of his having a mind whose weakness he can transform and whose strength he can increase because he knows "how," because he has had every mental muscle massaged by exercises that have made them supple, instantly and instinctively responsive to need? Does she exercise him in thoroughness, accuracy and rapidity in mental processes and in the performance of every task that his hand touches? Does she train him in clear consecutive thinking? Does she train his mind, along the line of principle, so that he can apply it in concentration to any subject at will, so that he is a better workman, a better farmer, a better business man, a better scientist, a better citi-

zen, better in any line and most important of all—better as a whole man?

The answer to every one of these questions is "No." What then becomes of the constant claim of Education that she trains the mind?

One instance may be given that is typical of the whole system of education. A child is told to learn a verse of six lines or so, but he is never told "how" to learn them. Left to himself, he sing-songs the lines aloud, over and over, with no thought of their meaning and relation, until they make a sufficient impression to last until the next day when he is "heard." Because the lines are not taken into the mind in the right way they are not long retained nor is the mind itself trained. A second verse, and all succeeding verses, is learned with equal difficulty. There is no increment of power, no mental growth. So is it in every study. A child finds each new class as difficult as the one he left, showing that the mind itself has acquired no fresh, keen, cutting edge. We do not learn the right way by mere doing; we must be trained and exercised in the right way. We all breathe and we all walk, but few be they that breathe and walk correctly.

When we ask Education why she forces young boys and girls through algebra, geometry, trigonometry and higher mathematics, which most of them detest and which 95 per cent will never use and which the five per cent or so could get better as part of a professional course, she smiles in a superior, patronizing way and says: "I give them these to develop their powers of reasoning." If Education really believes this—and the fallacy of this claim can be exploded in a dozen ways—why, when the student has completed his course in mathematics, does she not examine him in reasoning? Imagine a physician having administered medicine to allay a fever being perfectly satisfied with the fact that the patient had taken the dose and later making no temperature test to see if the fever has been allayed. Education is so obsessed with her fetish worship of the power of mere

knowledge that she makes no test for effects. She is satisfied if an examination reveals that a certain percentage of her mathematics medicine still remains in the system.

We decry forced feeding in our prisons, why do we tolerate it in our schools? What would we think of setting a child at a table and forcing him under fear of punishment to "eat everything on its plate" for four or five hours of continuous feeding a day, day after day for years? It would seem inhuman cruelty. Nature would revolt. Society and the law would suppress it. It would in reality however be no worse than the enforced mental feeding of our schools. Children are today over-fed and under-nourished. They may grow mentally fat but not mentally strong. Physical food is of value to the body only as it is digested. What remains unassimilated acts as a poison on the body, enervating, dulling and deadening physical processes. Mental food is of value only as it is digested. The vast mass of what the mind cannot digest acts as a mental poison, clogging, dulling, drugging and deadening thinking and all other mental processes.

In education, the child, it is true, is often told to use his reasoning, his observation, his concentration, his imagination or some other power but he is never exercised in using them nor trained in "how" to use them. The child does not even comprehend the meaning of the terms. They are but mere words that he cannot translate into any clear idea.

The public school system of America costs the staggering sum of over a thousand million dollars a year. This is what this education takes, what does it give? The sole test of this is—results. We care nothing for the earnestness of Education, her intent, her purpose, her loyal teachers, what she claims to do or what she tries to do, the one test is—results. What does she give the boy or girl who has passed through her courses and fulfilled her requirements? In what respect does she prepare them for life? To what degree does she train their minds? Education "examines" millions, let the

millions now turn and "examine" Education, question her as to how she has acquitted herself of her sacred trusteeship.

Over a million children graduate every year from the elementary schools of the country, ready to enter high-school. For the greater part of this vast army, their school days are now ended and they must now face their life problems and earn their own livings. They have given the best years of their lives, their formative years to Education, what has she given to them? A few questions recently asked by the writer are worth restating here. They are vital, fair, honest questions. They seek to determine what *one* single power, faculty, quality or process is common to these children or even to a majority of them. Aside from the ability to read, write and cipher in a way, what do they possess in common as the results of eight years of study? Pause a moment after each question, think, and then answer it for yourself. It is a most serious questionnaire for every parent in the land.

"Can they breathe, sit, stand, walk or run correctly? Have their senses been trained and developed? Can they add up a column of figures, rapidly, accurately and with certainty? Can they write the simplest letter, properly penned, spelled and punctuated, with a few ideas, properly expressed? Can they spell and define the simple every-day words? Can they work out simple problems in addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, mentally? Can they read aloud pleasingly, well and with confidence? Can they speak the English language correctly? Have they a love of reading? Have they a hunger for knowledge? Have they ideals, aims or purposes worth while? Has their character been developed? Do they articulate clearly? Have their memories for faces, names or dates been trained? Have they developed powers of observation? Have they a sense of their duties and responsibilities as citizens? Have they a highly developed moral sense? Do they know enough about books to enable them to discover knowledge for themselves? Have they pleasing manners, courtesy and

consideration? Have they a sense of duty and responsibility? Has their appreciation of the fine and the beautiful been exercised and developed? Have they initiative? Have they power of concentration? Have they self-control developed or increased by their education? Have they minds quick to take in new ideas?

These are but typical of some of the elementary things that education should give. The one answer to all these questions so far as they apply to a common power or quality as applied to the children as a whole is "No." What can education answer to this?

The failure is not due to the teachers, it is the fault of the system. Even if we had in the schools of any great city, the best teachers on earth they could do little or nothing to better conditions. The system would force them to get a textbook into a child's mind in so many weeks, with every moment of the time divided, assigned, scheduled like a factory to produce a certain amount in a given time, to jam and cram a fixed amount of knowledge in the brain of the child and most of which is useless to it and unused by it, no teacher has time for real training. If she tried it she would probably be called down or fired for dislocating the machinery.

The high schools complain of the poor material passed on to them by the elementary schools; the college protests against the poor brand of brains it receives. Both elementary and high schools complain of the pressure forced on them by the demands of college entrance examinations and so the vicious circle continues. The failure of education is due not to any one of these but to all three, they are alike in that they are based on the same false theory. Scattered over the country we have many privately owned schools, headed by clear-minded, able, zealous men and women working out educational problems on big, sane, natural lines, in accord with a definite ideal and method. They are seeking to train rather than merely to "educate" but even they are limited and hampered because their curriculum is forced to conform to college requirements for entrance.

In this presentation of the failure of education we have been forced to limit ourselves to its purely intellectual side, its relation to knowledge gathered from text books. But even if this succeeded, it would be but a poor inadequate preparation for life. It takes no account of the training of character, the training for citizenship and the larger duties, relations and responsibilities of the individual as will be shown in later articles in this series. With drastic cuts in our present curriculum, we can conform the present system to accord with the new ideal, the new method, the new inspiration and the new model. Great reforms are rarely started within any body or institution, they are forced on it by pressure from without. The American public and the press need first to be aroused and kindled into protest against the failure of our present education. This situation demands not mere talk, but action.

A little over a century and a half ago Laurence Sterne wrote in "Tristram Shandy": "I am convinced, Yorrick," continued my father, half-reading, half-discoursing, "that there is a Northwest Passage to the intellectual world, and that the soul of man has shorter ways of going to work, in furnishing itself with knowledge and instruction than we generally take with it." There *is* a Northwest Passage. It will be found in a sane, practical system of education that will train men for the seven varieties of life they all live, a system based on the finest working of mind—that is genius. It means a new idea, a new ideal, a new inspiration, a new method and a new model.

Editor's Note.—This is the first of a series of four important articles on this subject by Mr. Jordan.

THE RULE OF THE FASCISTI

By EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

" . . . li uomini mutano volentieri signore credendo migliorare"

—Niccolo Machiavelli, *Il Principe*, III.

SPEAKING legally of the recent political changes in Italy, one can only say that they constitute a real revolution under cloak of a doubtful and eleventh-hour exercise of a "royal prerogative" in the name of an excessive, but none the less sincere patriotism—*salus patriae suprema lex!*

Less technically, one may define the fascist revolution as the substitution of the dictatorship of a political party for a feeble pseudo-democracy, of castor oil for cunning, of open domination for secret "influence," of the fierce doctrines of economic *laissez faire* for the old policies of subsidies and favors for everyone . . . who could swing sufficient influence.

There is rarely any opposition in Italy. At least half the partisans of fascism in 1922 were philo-socialists in 1920. They have been converted: many of them only saw the light when the blinds had been drawn by a hundred thousand armed youths at the gates of Rome. Nearly everyone to-day is fascista—Giolitti, the deposed boss, Nitti, the social democrat, half the Masonry, a large section of the Catholic Popular Party, nine-tenths of the newspapers. And naturally, priests and professors are at their immemorable task of vindicating the justice of God in clothing "right with its appropriate might." Yet underneath the black shirt the Italian—the average Italian—remains the same shrewd rhetorical skeptical anarchist that he was.

Not but what fascism has an originality of its own. Original? There is nothing half so interesting in the polit-

ical world today. It is all original, from the Napoleonic leader, Mussolini, with his bald head and "inflexible chin"—the phrase is his own—to the military organization of the Black Shirts into centuries, cohorts and legions; to the old Roman salute, the songs and leather-bound clubs and castor oil. It is being imitated in half-a-dozen other countries; it is the envy of Tories the world over, and if the progressive decay of 19th century civilization continues, may indeed become the type of the new Middle Ages. Fascism is far too significant and complex to be explained in a few pages.

Let us merely outline the situation. The fascist revolution overthrew the weak and senile, pseudo-democratic politicians of the old regime, weeded out the economic parasitism they have cultivated, extirpated the visible signs of socialism, nationalized or crushed the labor organizations, extricated Italy from an economic deadlock, practically abolished the power of Parliament and established in its stead the power of a party, based on "hierarchical" despotism. The fascisti, though successful only through the active aid of the army and the police, acting under the orders of the despised old liberals, yet succeeded at their triumph in keeping all the power and most of the jobs in their own hands. (The claim to have saved Italy and Europe from bolshevism is nonsense; bolshevism was dead in Italy before the fascisti were in a position to oppose it seriously.)

Honest fascisti admit so much. "What did you expect?" they answer. "Our old politicians had barred the door to life and youth. All the younger generation is with us. Behind their closed doors the old men feebly played at government, while enriching themselves at our expense. Our national life was choked by a thorny hedge of favoritism and graft and insubordination, our finances exhausted by ill-managed, state-owned utilities and interminable lists of subsidies. If the old crowd had continued they would have brought the country to ruin. After Russia, who could believe in socialism? But in Italy the alternative to socialism

was reaction, the alternative to parliamentary graft, political despotism. Italians have never understood, desired or possessed political democracy even to the extent it exists in America. The dictatorship of Mussolini and his party is more apparent, but no more real than that of Giolitti and his political henchmen. We consider safe government preferable to self-government, if self-government turns out to be weak and corrupt and radical. Fascism has saved Italy."

There is a good deal in this analysis. Nationalists and super-patriots, the Court, the army, nine out of ten capitalists and landowners and professional men and prosperous shopkeepers—all those who saw their ideal of country profaned or profits limited, or who feared social changes, or who hated the rule of ignorant masses (the majority) through cunning demagogues of that majority's choice, became fascisti or supported fascism. In the struggle they showed far greater will to sacrifice, courage and initiative than their adversaries. They paid for their triumph with the lives of several thousands of them. And when fascism triumphed, Senator Tittoni, that prototype of Italian normalcy, could well remark to Mussolini, the revolutionary son of the blacksmith: "You are our last hope."

History will judge the fascist revolution less by its appearances than by its results. Probably these will have proved largely beneficial, though too short a time has yet elapsed to judge what portion of their program the fascisti are capable of realizing. There seems no reason why they cannot succeed in carrying out all those measures which may be accomplished by violence: (1) strict economy and a balanced budget; (2) the farming out of public utilities, now mismanaged by the State, to private companies; (3) the increase of productivity by lowering the taxes on capital, increasing the taxes on the peasants and workmen and suspending the right to strike; and (4) eventually, and if there be no serious opposition, the restoration of a new law and order.

No change in foreign policy or giving Italy greater im-

portance in the eyes of the world—"for the new Italy, great, imperial, feared, éja, éja, a la là!"—is probable. Mussolini is temperamentally pro-French and shares with D'Annunzio a desire to disrupt the British Empire, but he realizes that for this latter purpose something stronger than castor oil is needed, and is content to follow the mediatory line laid down for Italian policy by the country's geographical position and lack of natural resources. He promises that the Washington Agreement and the Treaty of Rapallo will be ratified.

The all-important point is the restoration of some kind of order. Violence during the revolution—the insults to the Chamber of Deputies and the patronizing praise of the venerable Senate, the beatings and burnings and purgings, the sacking of the houses of adversaries and the printing establishments of the hostile press, even the brutal violence done by strong young men to feeble old ones—could be forgiven. Arbitrary violence after the bloodless revolution, can, if it continue long, provoke nothing but popular revolt and anarchy.

Mussolini's followers are largely drawn from the generation that was subjected to the brutalizing influence of three years in the trenches. The law and order they seem to desire involves, for themselves, full privileges, all the political jobs, power to run the country; for their critics and enemies, denial of civil rights, destruction of property, beatings, tooth pullings and pint doses of castor oil.

The leaders are hardly less arbitrary than the rank and file. So far as they have not specifically been abrogated, the old laws are presumably in force. Yet in fact few of them are respected. Telegrams are subjected to a severe censorship, and no news is allowed to pass over the wires that "falsifies, exaggerates or distorts" the idea the fascisti would like the civilized world to have of them. Letters are secretly opened. Outside the large cities no press opposition is tolerated. Nine-tenths of the newspapers are re-

duced to panegyrics of the Dictator, whom they compare to Bismarck, Napoleon, Julius Cæsar and even Jesus Christ. Socialistic views are taboo. Communism and internationalism, two essentially Christian doctrines, are treason, and may be expressed only upon pain of the cudgel or the cathartic. For the fascisti, all that is Italian is divine. The dynasty is God-inspired (but take care the inspiration continues to run pro fasci!) Mussolini, in his adoration for the late war in all its phases, goes frequently to kneel on the National Altar before the tomb of the Unknown Warrior.

Blind nationalism is the prevailing dogma of the civilized world and in Italy brooks no heresy. Since national safety and greatness are the supreme ends of being (this and most of the other fascist beliefs are borrowed from the nationalists who borrowed it from German philosophers and historians), and since the fascisti talk more about patriotism than any other political party, any opposition to or criticism of the creed, ideals, members, methods or government of the Fascist Party, is treason to the State. In Northern and Central Italy the fascisti destroyed the political and economic organization of the socialists and Catholics. In Sardinia patriotism has forced them to wage war on the members of the Sard Party of Action, who dared to ask for greater administrative autonomy for their neglected island. Love of country brings the fascist squads to blows with the nationalist squads in the South.

The truth is that the *Partito Nazionale Fascista*—a political faction numbering less than a million members in a country of thirty-nine million inhabitants—has conquered the State and intends to rule it on exactly the same dictatorial basis as Lenin's Communist Party rules Russia. Contempt for democracy or the method of voting is common to both. Both are internally organized on strictly hierarchical lines with a dictator at the summit who disposes of the army and special militia. In Italy and in Russia the ruling hierarchy meets at night and "emanates legislation." In Italy, as in Russia, the State "must become synonymous" with

the ruling party, and all other parties must cease to exist. Benito Mussolini's aims are, of course, idealistic, but his methods, with due allowance for Russian barbarism, are strangely similar to those of Nikolai Lenin.

Like politicians the world over, the fascisti are determined to stay in power at all costs. Such permanence is not easy in a country of anarchism like Italy. For this reason, Mussolini is at the same time Premier, Minister of the Interior, Minister for Foreign Affairs, High Commissioner for Aviation and commander of the new "Fascist Militia for National Safety." For this reason, the other irregular Militia—D'Annunzian Legionaries and the blue-shirted "Ever Readies" of the Nationalists—are sternly suppressed and with them the Royal Guard created by Nitti. For this reason hundreds of socialists remain in the prisons, while all who "committed crimes for a patriotic ideal" have received amnesty. For this reason the Government shows a certain toleration for the sporadic violence of its followers, and condones the acts of the Turin fascisti, who shot unoffending supposed communists in the back as reprisals for the murder of two of their number. Fascisti break into houses, requisition property, influence the courts, join with the police in ferreting out real or supposed crimes, summon a crooks' congress at Alessandria (Piedmont), order beggars and street walkers off the Roman sidewalks, compel passers to raise their hats to fascisti banners and cafe loungers to rise at the sound of fascist hymns. Thanks to them the leaders rule Italy. Though Mussolini has promised to reduce them to legality, he has, so far, been unable to carry out his promise.

Other auxiliaries of despotism have been called into play. It is forbidden to strike, but the workers are allowed to watch frequent fascist parades, and listen to the band. The king's portrait, the crucifix, and instruction in Catholic doctrine, have been restored to the schoolrooms, that young Italy may learn that it is more blessed to obey than to command. Mussolini personally has written against the Cath-

olic Church, but religion makes the common people less dissatisfied. . . .

The difficulties inherent in such a party dictatorship are apparent. In the first place, there is the great necessity of keeping the party satisfied. This drawback of a conqueror's position has been tersely described by Machiavelli: "You have as enemies all those whom you offended by occupying the principality, and you cannot keep the friendship of those who put you there, because you cannot satisfy them in the way they had imagined and you cannot use strong medicine against them, being obliged to them." In modern terms, there are not enough fat jobs for all the fascist leaders. Mussolini hesitates to take measures against the men who put him where he is. Perhaps the certainty that those who oppose him are traitors to Italy will spur him to apply "strong medicine." Castor oil for fascisti would be a curious sight.

The second difficulty lies in the confused ideals of the fascist theologians. They believe in dictatorship, in hierarchic distribution of power, in the cult of protective forces, in economic liberty. Hence they are the natural allies of predatory capitalism, which asks nothing better than to be allowed to make money without interference. But at the same time, the rank and file of the fascisti, the black shirts who do the fighting, are largely workingmen, and instinctively demand high wages and a measure of democratic control. To avoid the difficulty, the theologians have re-invented "national economy"—or, more accurately, borrowed it from Germany. "The real opponent of the salaried man in one factory is not the owner, but the salaried man in the rival factory." "It is better for the worker to receive fifty per cent of the production valued at 20 than seventy-five per cent of production worth only 10," etc. The underlying intention would seem to be to give the fascist labor organizations special economic treatment and buy their fidelity by insuring their prosperity. Only fascist labor will be employed on public works. This is sufficient explana-

tion why D'Annunzio's plan for the organization of all labor in one big federation was turned down. Membership in the emasculated labor organizations as in the entire party, must be limited.

And this is the greatest difficulty of the three. Italian opposition takes the form of smothering by kisses. Everyone in Italy now wishes to join the fasci and enjoy the fruits of conquest. If this be permitted, whom could the party govern? Who would be left to provide big profits for friendly "productive forces" and high wages for fascist workers? What would become of the spoils of war? The newcomers might even prevail over the Simon Pure apostles of the revolutionary days and transform fascism into something the originators had never intended. For these reasons, membership in the party is, from now on, to be strictly limited. The "Militia for National Safety" will be held down to 100,000 tried pretorians ready to give "blind service to the cause for which the National Militia is formed." These minute men, though remaining in civil life, are not permitted to resign from the corps, are subjected to constant discipline and can be summoned at any time by the Dictator to execute his orders. (How the regular army will look on this Militia is still a mystery.) The higher officers are drawn from the upper walks of fascism—men whose political future is linked with Mussolini.

Malcontents created by reform and exclusion from the spoils, by limitation of the party membership, by the brutally despotic methods, continue to swell the occult opposition. Of open opposition there is none worth mentioning, unless it be the republicans and the immediate followers of D'Annunzio, who had expected himself to be dictator. The socialists are crushed. But as the number of those favorable to fascism diminishes, the rulers are not slow in thinking up methods for perpetuating their power, should it be seriously menaced. Mussolini is showing remarkable political capacity in manœuvring the party and its allies. Numerous methods—gerrymandering, a new kind of electoral

law, revision of the constitution, taking power from the Parliament and giving it to the Cabinet—may be tried. (Though Mussolini finds administration simpler with the present jellyfish Chamber, elections cannot be indefinitely postponed if so many prominent fascist continue to hanker after places as Deputies.) By one way or another, the rulers of Italy are determined to keep their positions and save Italy.

This is patent despotism. Italians have never loved a despot. If their anarchic souls continue to accept Mussolini's dictatorial "discipline" it will be chiefly for two excellent reasons:

(1) The fascisti promise economy and reform that are absolutely indispensable if Italy is to continue to exist as a capitalistic state;

(2) The alternative to Mussolini and castor oil would appear to be, not socialism (which no one in Italy really wants), not progressive democracy (for which there is as yet no adequate preparation), but Chaos.

Despotism may well be considered preferable to chaos.

THE WORDS I MUMBLE

By BASIL THOMPSON

The words I mumble count nothing at all,
Neither the things I do;
What argues alone is the dream I spin
And the dark spell of you.

How should I number the nebulous rooms
And the nameless magicry
That bind my whimsical sprite to yours
With threads none see.

Leave love and its humors to solemn folk;
To us is a subtler tie,
Beyond all the known apprehensions
Of man's fixt eye.

THE PRESIDENCY IN 1924?

(3) REPUBLICAN—HIRAM W. JOHNSON

By POLIS

THERE are two schools of opinion in the Republican Party regarding the nomination for the Presidency to be made next year. These schools of opinion follow closely the two schools of political thought which exist in the Party and which no wise Republican will attempt to wink out of sight.

On the one hand there are those who insist that President Harding is entitled to renomination. To this the other side retorts that nowadays the only persons "entitled to nominations" are those who can go out and win them.

On the one hand there are those who insist that any President can renominate himself, or even that any administration can bequeath the nomination to such political legatee as it may designate. There is much to support this claim historically. In 1892, President Benjamin Harrison renominated himself against the most brilliant leader whom the Republican Party has ever developed; in 1908, President Roosevelt handed on the nomination to Mr. Taft, though only a scant minority of the Party really wanted him; in 1912, President Taft renominated himself in the face of the most determined opposition ever manifested to a sitting President.

To all this, the opposing school of opinion retorts that a generation has elapsed since President Harrison received his futile renomination and that conditions surrounding the nominating conventions have been completely revolutionized since 1908 and 1912. A nomination secured now from a delegate convention made up of Postmasters and Collectors of Internal Revenue, as in 1892, or by convention composed of hand-picked delegates as in 1908, or

from a convention whose majority has been secured by the historically familiar strong-arm methods of a Committee on Credentials—such a nomination nowadays is not worth the breath required to declare it.

The Republican Convention of 1924 will probably contain a clear majority of delegates who will be elected in Presidential-Preferential Primaries. The states which have already established such primaries will elect 432 delegates out of the thousand or so who will compose the convention membership. At this moment it now seems likely that a half dozen more states, whose legislatures are now in session and contain a majority which may be classed as liberal if not radical, will join the Presidential-Preferential-Primary ranks and thus assure that substantially two-thirds the membership of the 1924 convention will receive a mandate direct from the people.

A Republican Senator viewing this situation has said that it constitutes a clear invitation for someone who possesses the art of political salesmanship to enter the field thus opened widely and to contest with President Harding—or indeed with all comers for the nomination.

There are many men in the Republican Party who are able to sell themselves to the voters. But, foremost among them is Senator Hiram W. Johnson of California. He has been twice nominated for Governor—in a primary contest. He has been twice nominated for Senator—in a primary contest. And each nomination has been followed by election with majorities stupendously maintained. In the Presidential Primary of 1920, Johnson surprised his party, and it may be surprised even himself, by his success in the states where he campaigned. The supporters of Leonard Wood in Michigan, and supporters of Harding and of Lowden in Indiana, have not yet forgotten the shock of Johnson's surprising vote in those states.

In the meantime, Johnson has steadily strengthened himself. The stabilizing influences of the senatorship have ameliorated not only his opinions on many public questions

but have altered equally his method of approach to public problems. He probably is unconscious of this evolution—and at times regards himself, and rightfully, as the same Johnson who campaigned California thirteen years ago in a flivver pouring out fire and slaughter against all and sundry of the foes he had set out to conquer. It is not that he is less determined now, but that he is more suave. It is not that he is less sincere now, but that he is more experienced. It is not that he is less courageous now, but that he is more wise.

In another aspect we find two schools of opinion in the Republican Party. On the one hand it is maintained that President Harding must be renominated because the campaign of 1924 will be fought upon the record which his administration has made. This is not necessarily correct. Must is a strong word. The issues of next year may be such that the record of the administration will have no part in them. There are so many elements entering into an election that it is rarely possible to single out the predominant factor which produces victory or which leads to defeat. In the elections of 1922, however, it seems reasonable to believe that the apathy and indifference, even the resentment, which characterized the Republican organization practically everywhere could have no basis other than the disappointment which had followed the President's policies. His failure to proceed more sweepingly with partisan appointments in the Departments at Washington, and in the public service generally, chilled the ardor of those who are euphemistically described as the "organization," or derisively taunted with constituting the "machine." It is a truism that there are more Republicans than Democrats in this country and that when the Republicans go, or are brought, to the polls on election day Republican success surely follows. Unhappily, however, all Republicans do not voluntarily go to the polls and many of them must be brought there. They are brought by the organization which attends to the registration, which raises funds to pay for the

automobiles, and which provides the workers to hunt out the distant voter and bring him to the exercise of his political duty. Those who do this work are ardent partisans, whose ardor is dimmed by their failure to secure recognition which they believe is the necessary consequence of party victory.

Another element very distinctly to be counted as a causation in the Republican disaster of 1922 was the belief—whether well founded or not is of minor consequence now—that the President is unstable of purpose, as indicated by his policy in the coal and railroad strikes which were unhappily acute at an acute moment during the campaign. To this should be added the feeling of nebulous disappointment that the administration's policy in foreign affairs had not followed more closely the verdict on the central and compelling issue of 1920. And, of course, through the whole tangled skein ran the inevitable threat of reaction against the party in power which must visit itself, under our political system, upon the persons in power.

These are the dangers to which the President will expose himself and his party in the event of his renomination. Upon him this indifference, this disappointment, these resentments will focus.

Johnson is not thus handicapped. His partisanship is well attested by his six years as Governor of California. His regularity is proven by his six years as Senator. He is wholly relieved of the burden of defending the course of an administration which has not consulted him. He can fight for the nomination and election upon his own personality, and, no matter what may be the platform of his party, his nomination means that the people will vote for Johnson.

And this is the age of personal politics. Roosevelt and, in a lesser degree, Wilson educated the country to the view of a vigorous skipper of the ship of state rather than to a study of the political chart—or platform—by which the craft is to be steered.

This does not mean that Johnson, campaigning for the nomination or for the election, will be a man without a plat-

form. On the contrary, he is not a believer in putting the cart before the horse and he well understands that a candidate without principles, no matter how powerful his personality, can make no effective public appeal.

Johnson's principles will be found to be those which every American will find within himself, and most Americans, especially of the kind who attend campaign meetings, will be amazed at the clarity with which he will find Johnson expressing the opinions of the average citizen. This, it will be remembered, was one of the great sources of strength which Roosevelt possessed. When Tom Reed sarcastically commented upon the Colonel's "discovery of the Ten Commandments" he meant that Roosevelt by seizing upon the fundamental truisms and presenting them as a novelty was really giving expression to those fine instincts which the average American holds within his bosom but which he rarely is able to bring to his lips. Johnson's ability to do this is scarcely second to Roosevelt's.

Johnson would bring to the Presidency fine equipment for its tasks. It is true that this argument has been somewhat diluted since the days of Taft—who was supposed to bring to the Presidency the most ample foundation of training and experience for the big executive job. The fact is, however, that Taft, who had been eminently successful in the Philippines, in the War Department and in the various globe-trotting ironing-out missions which covered points as widely separated as Havana, Rome and Petrograd—Taft, as Roosevelt once sagely commented, was far more successful as a subordinate than as boss of the works. Not so with Johnson. He spent six years in the Executive Mansion at Sacramento wholly on his own. He knows what responsibility is and how to exercise it.

And he stays on his job. The ancient and royal game of golf has no attractions for him. His amusements are not of the kind which compel him to take days off. This is of considerable importance when one thinks of the Presidency. For the Presidency is an office of infinitive drudgery. When

Johnson was Governor of California he was noted for sedulously sitting on the job. If the California Legislature held a night session the Governor of California sat in the Executive Chambers until adjournment was had. If the Executive Departments of California developed any matters of difficulty they found the Governor of California always in his office to help solve the problem.

Johnson is a man of decision—not impulsive, but decisive. The Presidency is an office that requires decision. The Fabian policy is fatal to a President. Roosevelt used to plan to clean his desk every night. He once said to one of his numerous biographers that when he left his office in the Executive wing of the White House each night all questions had been determined. He added that it might be that at least seven out of every ten had been decided wrong but they were decided. That was the main thing—and the country generally and generously forgives an error if it can get action. With Johnson in the Executive chair there will be no question on this score.

Whoever has shown sufficient patience to read these lines thus far will have discerned that the writer contains a highly concentrated tincture of Republican partisanship. He believes sincerely that the welfare of the Republican Party and of the Republic means the same thing. He shudders at the thought of restoring to power the crew who looted the public during the eight years of Wilsonism. He is daily irritated by the assumption of victory which the Wilson crew already puts forth. And he feels that nothing short of heroic measures will suit the present party emergency. In other words, he wants to make sure that the Republican ticket will win in 1924. He is convinced and he thinks that party leaders generally throughout the country are convinced that Mr. Harding if renominated cannot be re-elected. He is certain and he thinks that most party leaders throughout the country are also certain that Johnson can be elected. Let's go!

THE PRESIDENCY IN 1924?

(3) DEMOCRAT—SAMUEL M. RALSTON

By DEMOS

IT is true that Sam Ralston lives in a big city, but for all that he looks like a country politician. After you get talking to him nothing in his manner will change your impression. If he went up to the White House and demanded a job on the Federal Reserve Commission on the ground that he was a dirt farmer, President Harding would probably appoint him before learning his name.

Yes, he is typical high-grass politician, even if he does live in Indianapolis. These facts become of interest when it is remembered that Senator-elect Ralston is Tom Taggart's candidate for President and for that reason extremely likely to be nominated and, if the people remain sufficiently engrossed at the Republican Party, elected. In other words, you are about to see before you the portrait of an excessively possible President of the United States.

This portrait should not stop at externals, such as the rosy face, the jolly manner, and the comfortable paunch. Year by year Ralston gazes down at the last-named, notices its steady increase, and murmurs with Gilbert's Lady Jane,

"There will be too much of me

In the coming bye and bye."

And he has a regiment of double chins. He is a reversion to the theory of the early Victorian novel, that a fat man must always be genial and good-natured, and a flat repudiation of the theory of the present-day novel, that a fat man is necessarily a villain.

Country politicians are generally fat. But, as has been hinted, Ralston's high-grassiness extends far below externals. He is the typical country politician of, say, Media,

Pa., who has grown up among the boys and has always watched the leader's eye so that he can be the first to swing his hat. It is a big black sombrero in Ralston's case, and he completes the *vraisemblance* by wearing a frock coat cut according to the lines of what in the early nineties they used to call a "Prince Albert," with striped trousers. If Prince Albert did wear it, it was because he could, being tall and slim, while Sam Ralston is short and fat; but the true mark of a high-grass politician in the eighties and nineties was a "Prince Albert," and Ralston was just taking notice politically about that time. The true politician, when his habitat was north of Mason and Dixon's line, complicated the scenery with a plug hat, but to accentuate his Democracy Ralston has always affected the Southern style in decorating his scalp, which by the way is about all that is left of his hair.

The first thing that young Sam Ralston did, long before he was able to vote, was to run with the machine. That wasn't in Indianapolis. It was in a town called Lebanon in Boone County, of about twelve thousand inhabitants. That was how Ralston got not only his high-grass looks and his high-grass make-up, but his high-grass state of mind. He was a lawyer in Lebanon as soon as he was old enough to hang out a shingle under the then comparatively easy laws of that State, and to be a lawyer in Indiana implies either that you are scratching gravel every hour as a politician or that you are but a stranger here, heav'n is your home.

So he grew up, a destin'd work to do, as Tom Taylor remarked of Abraham Lincoln; only in Ralston's case the destin'd work was the same as that allotted to all lawyers in Indiana towns the size of Lebanon—that of running with the machine. Unless, of course, you are big enough to boss it. In addition to running with the machine Ralston did another necessary thing in Indiana politics—he became notable as a church member. Whenever they needed a new cupola or anything, Lawyer Ralston was right

there with the counsel, the eloquence, and, we have no reason to doubt, the cash.

Through all his life Ralston has scrupulously observed these two cardinal rules. He has run with the machine and he has been eminent as a church-goer. These things go far in Indiana. Look at Vice-President Fairbanks and Will Hays.

Gone are the days of Lebanon and "Lawyer Ralston." He is now the head of the firm of Ralston, Gates, Larry, Van Nuys and Bernard, with some of the snappiest offices in the great and hustling city of Indianapolis. Partner Gates is a Republican and the son-in-law of the sincerely lamented Senator Hemenway, also somewhat of a high-grass politician and in his day the second cog in the Fairbanks-Hemenway machine. Van Nuys is Chairman of the Democratic State Committee. It is one of these goshal-mighty firms such as you see in Wall Street and points north and south, which resemble a life insurance company more than they do a law office in Marietta, Ga., Kingston, N. Y., or Lebanon, Ind. It has no politics in its business, even though its members are politicians. Ralston may be receiving a Democratic delegation in one room while Gates whispers Republican politics in another, but in business they are as strictly non-partisan as any of those plush-covered law firms with twenty names in the firm directory that stagger the eye in New York. The head of the firm can wear his combination of an Arkansas hat and a Piccadilly coat all he pleases; no one has ever smiled at him yet, except in warm friendliness and admiration.

Ralston was Governor of Indiana by grace of the machine, and now the machine has put him in the United States Senate. That same machine will put him in the Presidency if it can. Its strategic position is excellent. It has another name besides that of "the machine." This other name is Thomas Taggart. Thomas Taggart, Charles F. Murphy, and George E. Brennan meet quadrennially to decide who shall be the Democratic nominee. This year

none of the three has a permanent and abiding candidate except Taggart, who comprises by himself, as Count Smorltork would say, the entire Indiana Democratic machine.

There will be at French Lick next year, as there has been more than once, a conference of these three magnates, at which all the candidates will be gone over with a fine tooth comb by Taggart, Murphy and Brennan. Those that for one reason or another develop weaknesses will be dropped, and the three bosses will reach a decision if they can on the last card. Of course Murphy will present the name of Governor Smith, but without any serious hope or fear of its acceptance. After all the discarding has been done Taggart will again present the name of Senator Ralston and make his real argument for that nomination.

It does not require the Witch of Endor to tell us what that argument will be. Here is a man who from his youth up, ever since he was big enough to struggle under the weight of a campaign torch, has run with the machine. He has always obeyed its orders without question. On the other hand, he is satisfactory to people who do not run with the machine. Everybody likes him. No serious word has ever been said against him. He was elected Senator by Republican votes. He will never set the Potomac on fire, but the people don't seem to want a President who would. He is just that type of respectable machine politician whom the machine must put forward if it hopes to win. It cannot nominate a burglar, it does not want to nominate a silk-stocking reformer, but it can rely on party loyalty to bring all the silk-stockings rallying around the flag if it nominates a respectable church-goer whom everybody likes.

There are two slight flaws in this argument. One is that while Ralston has never done anything crooked, Taggart is not the kind of boss who would ever require his Governors and Senators to do anything crooked. When Thomas C. Platt said, "After all, I am an easy boss," he described Taggart too. Ralston has never been tempted, because the one boss to whom he has owed allegiance all his life would

no more think of tempting him than of tempting that other Governor whom Taggart elected, Thomas R. Marshall. We know, of course, what answer Marshall would have made to a tempter. But the fact remains that the only difference between the two Governments was that Ralston's was stodgily conscientious, while Marshall's was original, statesmanlike and far-sighted. They were both honest.

Whether or not Murphy and Brennan will note these small defects in Taggart's argument, they are by no means unlikely to accept his conclusions. They know Ralston well, and in 1920 they accepted Cox for reasons not dissimilar, though Cox had the disadvantage, from their standpoint, of being entirely his own man and yielding allegiance to no machine. Ralston has the advantage of a life-long reputation for trotting easily in harness. That counts for something when, as Swinburne so beautifully says, three men get together.

If Taggart advances the argument that Ralston can get Republican votes, Murphy and Brennan should be informed at once that it is not generally the fact. The Republicans all like Ralston, but as a rule they don't vote for him. He does not run ahead of his ticket except in unusual circumstances, such as his election to the Senatorship last year. In that year a large part of the Republican Party wished earnestly to vote against Albert J. Beveridge, but could not make up its mind to vote for a Democrat, one of those Copperheads who fired on Fort Sumter the other day and were even now marching on Gettysburg. But when they heard that Ralston was the Democratic candidate their dour faces cleared. "Why, Sam's all right," they said. "He's a fine fellow and he won't hurt a soul." So they voted for him, and they were right. As a Senator he will never start a fire, but he may be found hanging around with the Volunteer Hook and Ladder Company to put one out.

It should further be observed that his election to the Governorship was a fluke. That was in the Roosevelt year, when Wilson carried everything while Taft was engaged

in demonstrating that the Republican Party was just strong enough to keep Roosevelt from being elected.

It may be objected that the delegates will have something to say about the election. The delegates can run over any set of bosses in any convention and make them look like a lot of croquet players. But in order to do that—and the only exceptions I recall are the Republican conventions of 1892 and 1908—the delegates have got to be red-hot for somebody. When they are not red-hot for somebody, and don't know what to do, which is generally the case, they crane their necks inquiringly in the direction of the bosses to catch whatever flicker of emotion may be passing over the faces of those gentlemen, and take it as a tip. In Democratic conventions this is done because the bosses have the biggest delegations and therefore are better worth listening to than anybody else.

By this sign Pennsylvania ought to be included in the French Lick conferences; and so she was, whether they were held at French Lick or not, so long as Colonel James M. Guffey maintained a real Democratic Party in the Keystone State. But there is no use consulting that brainless remnant now. The last conference was Brennan's first; that fine specimen of a regular human boss, Roger Sullivan, used to do the French Licking for Illinois. He was unique among bosses; everybody loved him. Nobody loves Brennan, but he has demonstrated that he is one of the most capable bosses that has ever entered the field since the modern type was invented by Simon Cameron and the Albany Regency type disappeared.

If Ralston gets into the White House Taggart, who never asked him to do a mean thing, will probably stand as a buffer between him and other State bosses not so scrupulous. It is only fair, therefore, to expect as good an Administration from him as a not very brilliant man usually gives. The welfare of the party will ever be uppermost in his eyes. More: when he was Governor he made a habit of appointing clean men to office. There would be no scandals under

President Ralston, except the inevitable ones that always creep in through some rat-hole that the President has probably never heard of. No President has escaped these. But looking back on Ralston's Governorship, it is safe to say that he would appoint men to high office who would be in themselves the strongest possible guaranty against fraud or graft.

From all this it will be seen that he is a good deal of the Harding type, though differing in many essentials. He is more acutely Middle-Western. He has spoken all over the State of Indiana in every campaign and has never made an enemy. He is Sam to everybody, even in the Southern mines. He might be summed up as an active machine politician who has floated to the top. I can best make my meaning clear by contrasting him with Marshall, who might be described as a man who acquiesced in the machine and whose brains forced him to the top.

If I were writing this article for "Who's Who in America" I would be stumped at the place on the blank where it asks you to give your "Amusements." Ralston's only amusement is going to prayer-meeting on Wednesday night. It is probable that he never took a drink in his life, and of vices he has neither the high, the middle, nor the low. He is a good American citizen, if he does run with the machine; but if he is elected President the Potomac will have to wait four years more for that long-anticipated conflagration.

REGRET FOR YOUTH

By EVELYN SCOTT

Along the thin small beach
Trees rush up darkly to touch the silence among the lilies
—And there are stars.
In secret brightness,
The livid water steals itself away from me.
The rigid bush on the shore is alive with stillness.

I am afraid of the living things to which I have given birth.
I want to fold them back in time before eyes began.
I want again a world that can not see itself.

SOME ITALIAN SYMPHONISTS

By GILBERT W. GABRIEL



NEW YORK newspaper used, with unconscious accuracy, to maintain two critical departments which it headed, "Music" and "Opera." This was even previous to the time when a famous Italian æsthete laid down his dictum that, "Opera is not music, it is not drama, it is not a combination of music and drama." It is opera, an art absolute and independent—and essentially Italian. So the New York newspaper found its daily distinction an unpopular one, particularly with Italians resident here. For to Italians in general opera means music, Italy's only music, and the terms are twin.

Yet when Arturo Toscanini brought his La Scala Orchestra to America last season, and particularly when he played in Carnegie Hall one afternoon a program entirely of contemporary Italian symphonists, there was proof in the blasts of a new national occupation. It is no exaggeration to call it national. Modern European music is recognized officially and governmentally as an expression of modern Europe. Ministries of Fine Arts do their generous shares. The tremendous interest in new French music, for instance, has been fostered as a benevolent propaganda, and French artists and composers are frequently here under the stated patronage of the nation.

That, perhaps, is why we have been wrapped for so many past years in the nebulous, rather prostrate exquisiteness of so much modern French music. American symphony orchestras have played us piece upon piece of the Frenchmen's post-Wagnerian, misty logic; tenuous, tired reiterations of Debussy, Cesar Franck and d'Indy. Bursting through these vapors of refinement, that Toscanini program of young

Italian symphonists threw out a tremendous, almost menacing heat. It could not help but stir New York, now the world's busiest receiving station of all foreign music and musicians, to a warmth of curiosity. Curiosity at the very least—and, for many who believe that our turbulent today can be expressed only in today's own musical idiom of tonal free speech, much more than curiosity.

Here was Italy, keeper of the cradle of opera, lover of Verdi quartets, Donizetti's fluted mad-songs, melodramatics of Mascagni, sweet spirits of Puccini, turning savagely away from its supreme art, its national sport, its opera. Since Rossini's early day Italy's music had been keeping steady company with librettos. The repudiation seemed absolutely brutal. This brand of vigorous, tumultuous symphony made it seem all the more so. The Italy which conceived and nurtured it must be a vastly different Italy from yesterday's lyric conception of the land. It must be an Italy worth new and exciting study.

So this Toscanini concert packed many musicians off to Rome. True, we had heard here some of the Italian symphonists' works ere that, conducted by Walter Damrosch principally, and by Varese before him, and a few others. But they had never loomed so bigly before, nor in such confounding numbers. They predicted an Italy vastly swerving in social, intellectual and artistic directions, if opera and music were doomed there to divorce. Going to Rome would teach the quarrel's reason. Likewise, whether the decree were still in an interlocutory stage.

Rome is the center of the movement, and a definite, conscious movement it is. You can hear provincial fables of Turin and Bologna being more important music centers, but these yarns have been spun in Turin, Bologna, and as many other cities as ever claimed Homer. Being known as the most musical city in Italy gives more pride than the winning of a baseball pennant here. They take their music joyously.

But the Rome of today is the one truly Italian cosmopolis.

And the new symphonic movement has been cosmopolitan in cause, its roots in Paris, Petrograd and Berlin. Their education done, all these young Italians have returned along the roads to Rome. In Rome is the historic Santa Cecilia Conservatory where so many of them are teaching today, are welding what they learned abroad into an armor plate of musical nationalism. In Rome, principally, is the Augusteum and its symphony orchestra.

This great old Caesarian circle, of course, is the hub of the whole new wheeling. Only a few years ago there was no professional orchestra of size or respectable sort in the whole of Italy. All was opera, opera everywhere. The founding of the Augusteo orchestra, and its successful continuance under Molinari and such eminent guest conductors as Nikisch and Mengelberg, has given Rome a compelling push towards symphony. Also it has afforded the young Italian composers a proving-ground for their works. For new native works are the rule in Roman programs, and not, as here, the virtuous exception.

Ask any of one of the Italian symphonists what were his greatest promptings, and he will almost invariably answer: "The Augusteo—and Toscanini." It is Toscanini, the most famous conductor of opera in the world, and even now the impresario of La Scala in Milan, who has nevertheless encouraged and protected the modern secession. He is the *Deus ex Machina* to them all. His picture is on their walls. Their works are persistently on his programs. They speak of him with a devotion bordering on worship. It is by now no longer a secret that Toscanini may return to America next season or the next, as conductor of one of our oldest and best known orchestras. He has had the offer, anyhow. If he accepts it, he will bring with him a good deal of Italian symphonic music for our further hearing. Even if you are unwilling to go three thousand miles and more to learn of its composers, it is worth knowing who and what they are, and what's behind their movement.

Realize modern Italy, first of all, as a fiercely intellectual,

inquiring country. The littlest book shops have their windows filled half with poetry, half with philosophy and economics. Kant and Marx, Benedetto Croce and Giovanni Gentile, hold place among the exquisite paper-backs of D'Annunzio, Sem Benelli, Carducci, a festival Dante and the ever-present translations of Shelley. (Shelley is Italy's favorite Englishman. Their composers are forever setting him to music). The street fights of the *Comunisti* and *Fascisti* are just now dying away; argument is still in the air, and the sense of a new, national rebuilding.

All this has had to steal into the windows of the houses of these new composers. They deny sometimes that they have been affected by it; like to imply the utter distance of their art from other crafts and intelligences. They find a good deal of satisfaction in Cecil Forsyth's theory that you can shut a composer of music up in a bare, windowless room for any number of eventless, inspirationless years, and that he will still go on writing music of meaning and beauty. Yet they contradict themselves in being all highly intellectual men, professors in government conservatories, critics of note and fluency, understanding of their times and openly eager to express them in a true music.

There is this, too, which Rome teaches you—quite by acclamation; that the four pillars of the new house which Italian music is building are Alfredo Casella, Francesco Malipiero, Ottorino Respighi and Ildebrando Pizzetti. There are others, a good lot of others, but these four bear the weight of the portico.

If their aims are alike, and they work in common towards a modern emancipation of their art, their personalities are as different as the four corners of an illimitable universe. So has their training been different, and so their methods of approach towards the mutual ideal. In many metaphoric ways these famous four of younger musical Italy must suggest the Four Winds.

Though he has yet to come to America, Ottorino Respighi is perhaps the best known of them here. His ex-

quisite symphony, "The Fountains of Rome," and other works of his which our orchestras have made familiar to us, have gone before him into several continents. It is a Herculean trial which composers undertake when they set about expressing cities in music. Charpentier needed to construct a whole impassioned opera to epitomize Paris. Vaughan Williams, with indomitable patience, goes ploughing through London fogs, to the tolling of Big Ben and the wheeze of a costermonger's melodeon, to gather the grey substance of a long "London Symphony." Cacophonies strident enough have yet to be mustered which can express the subway, skyscrapers and corpuscular fury of New York. But here is Respighi, in four short ecstatic tone-pictures, bringing home to concert audiences of the world all that is loveliest, most salient and historic in his Rome. His Rome only by recent adoption, as a matter of fact. For he is a Bolognese by birth, and living long in foreign lands. Rimsky-Korsakoff taught him that glistening parquetry of orchestration which he has, and which only a Russian could teach him. Some little Russian immigrant boy is going to write that symphony of New York some day, by the same token. Or some young son of the prairies. Don't expect it of a New Yorker so well born and bred that he has never climbed the Statue of Liberty.

Stone, bronze and purling water have had an immemorial fascination. The Popes and princes who built Rome in so much more than a day must all have been under that spell. Rome's many fountains are Rome's present beauty. In expressing the white toss of them, their fresh streams chuckling and frothing around the dignity of sculpture centuries old, Respighi fell into expressing all modern Rome. He talks sometimes now of composing a sequel: "The Pines of Rome." But it is doubtful whether it would be as popular. The key to that first success was thrown, along with so many tourists' centesimi, into the Fountain of Treves; Respighi is not lingering to fish it out again. He is rather impatient, in fact, of the easy pleasure this first symphonic

poem gave the world. He calls it his "sinfonia Baedeker-eriana."

The mask of Beethoven, if not the mantle, has surely fallen upon Ottorino Respighi. It is a prank of his pupils in the Santa Cecilia to edge him close to a bust of Beethoven there by Canova. At first sight the likeness has you staring and tongue-tied. From the mane of hair and tremendously swollen forehead, under which the eyes smoulder in deep shadow, to the broad stormy chin, he is the startling image of Beethoven. He is big, besides, and quiet, very gentle. It is that gentleness which gives you the hint of his depth. So massy a head and so little outspoken are his first proofs of profundity. Over his piano is a cast of the death mask of Beethoven. When he sits down to play, and the reflection of his face comes up dimly and palely out of the ebony, it is easy to confuse the living and the dead, features, personality, playing, and all.

Respighi lives atop Rome, on the Via Nazionale, high up in a studio of red Roman tiling, huge, ancient tables, music, books of plays and poetry, comfort and simple ways. His balcony looks across to some of the fountains he so loves. He is a man of charm, of happiness, of colors; a poet, friend and collaborator with poets; a scholar of old Italian music, touching it to a new life with the care and delicacy of his modern brush.

Of the four he is, perhaps, the most immediately attractive. The most sympathetic, anyhow. He has given years of love and labor to transcriptions of ancients like Monteverdi. He is among the busiest of those who are preparing a national edition of Italian classics of vocal and instrumental music—under the direction of D'Annunzio, by the way. Respighi was one of the first to realize that Italian opera had gobbled and garbled the best of Italian folk-song, that opera must be bidden a sad farewell, and that the sources of modern Italian music-making lay, instead, in the beautiful, severely graceful cadences of seventeenth and eighteenth century Italian ballets, suites and canzone. Yet

he is not all tinkerer, nor always dulcet. Toscanini conducted here, for instance, his "Dance of the Gnomes"—an orchestral piece of such infuriated rhythms, fearful fancy; audacious color and shudderful tone, that it sent Mozartians home in a hurry. But it shattered the delusion that Respighi means only mildness, expressed only in pretty tapestry.

Francesco Malipiero—there's the torrent and tempest, the gale of the new movement expressed in one personality. No matter under what troubled circumstances you meet him, he is ready, is eager and open. He is plunged with immediate brain, arm, heart and sensitive spirit into the explanations. He is all quick mind, picturesque tongue, leaping imagination. A keen, inquisitive face, a battered but vigorous body, hands nimble for the most extravagant gesture, pantomime, burlesque—he is an æsthete with sharp teeth, a satirist with a soul, an impatient innovator, the messenger from a musical Mars. He is the tremendous one of the four, the galloping one, the sudden and unexpected.

Malipiero has written his own book on orchestration, which has been, he says, but badly translated into English and gives only a small idea of the worth and originality of its ideas. It is a text, anyhow, for his many comrades and disciples. He has invented a new sort of theatre—he feels that opera's only modern hope lies in the burlesque and satiric. He has worked out, in his "Sette Canzone," a new combination of music and drama in compressed and suggestive state. He has composed a new oratorio on the subject of "St. Francis of Assisi" which, in about twenty-five highly colored and fugacious minutes, says musically more than the old style oratorio used to say in three and a quarter hours.

Ildebrando Pizzetti, composer of that famous Sonata in A which sent critical London into such superlative ecstasy three seasons ago, and which made its effect here too, despite the unfairness of its last year's introduction, lives in Florence and heads the conservatory there. To get to him

one must pray, cajole and bombard doorkeepers, secretaries and all the tutelary retinue. In the end one finds a small, thin man of wistful, somewhat saddened ways, whose exquisiteness of humor and freshness of feeling no amount of executive work can wear down. He writes delightfully (his latest book of critical essays is just now published), speaks many languages with equal grace, and is vibrant between sentiment and shyness. When one thinks of the breadth, the autumn majesty and fruitfulness which are expressed in the lines of his sonata, one knows that he must be fairly wracked and martyred by his creative urge. The pity is that he cannot give his whole time to it, have a little ease thereby. His work, he says, is his whole life.

Many men say that. Few carry the spirit of the word back home with them, weekdays and Sundays. Pizzetti lives deep in the grey crossways of the Arno's unfashionable side. His big, old rooms look out upon a big, old garden. With the windows wide, there is a constant darting of swallows in the cypresses. He may be playing the famous sonata over again for you, with some violinist friend from the conservatory to help him; and towards the middle of it, where the violinist would be smiling and murmuring "Graciosa!", the garden, the circling birds and the little, savagely shy man at the piano would be of a piece with the music, its sweep and aspiration.

Fourth and last of them is Alfredo Casella. Also, most difficult of them to describe with justice. For he himself paints his own portrait with a number of false, unnecessary lines. Besides which, he has been in America this year, and many strange and futile things have been thought and said of him. He came here primarily as a pianist—he is usually a very good one, and the chief of the pianoforte department in Santa Cecilia—but remained to find himself the most discussed musical personality of the season. What they said of him was rarely gentle—he is not the sort to court mildness—but they said it in more newspaper space than even the visiting Richard Strauss was accorded.

Even before his coming, New York had heard several sides of Casella. Versatility is among his vices. He is a Jack-of-all-music. His dainty ballet suite, "Couvent sur l'Eau," was a soothing oil upon the troubled waters which his clanking series of "War Pictures—Five Films for Orchestra" stirred up. Last season, too, New York first heard the rough, blatant "Italia" rhapsody which he compounded of street songs and sulphur. Then again, when he made his debut here with the Philadelphia Orchestra, it was as soloist in his new poem, "A Notte Alta," a frosty, star-pricked, wintry-colored piece of tone-painting, wherein the program announced a small drama of souls at bay against the inexorable night. This was Casella in the mood of Schoenberg, quite perhaps as many of his former works suggest Casella in the mood of other composers. He fits Shaw's description of Elgar as one who can write the music of any age and genius quite as well as its originators. That adaptable side of Casella is his side of too much talent. He carries the shield of strong convictions, however. In many ways the most extraordinary musician in Italy, he is the one whom Italy still debates before it accepts, is the most forward and uncompromising of them all.

Casella has a personality not easy to forget. Very tall, very thin, with a brisk walk, a sharp, rapid tongue, a quiet but nervous force about him. From not so far away he looks like Prokofieff, the young Russian composer who has wrinkled the serenity of the past few musical seasons in New York and Chicago. He has a long, narrow face, a narrow, high forehead, yellow cheeks, a deep, light eye and a crook of the sardonic. There is nothing of the dreamer about him. He is the musical mathematician. He is all uneasy intellect, angularly, gravely expressed. Even those who decline to understand or like his work over here admit him a musician of uncanny, perhaps uncomfortable cleverness.

These are the mid-Italian four, chiefs of the younger clan. Do not confuse them with brash boys, though. They

are all close upon middle age. One prominent Italian critic has in fact pronounced them all past that time of life when Italians write their masterpieces of music—though he forgets that Verdi wrote greater works the nearer he came to eighty. Anyhow, these four are long ago out of the class of that much-mooted Parisian kindergarten, the “Groupe de Six,” to which Vincent d’Indy, France’s most eminent musician, paid this delicious compliment during his recent visit here.

“Groupe de Six? I have heard more about it in America than in our own Paris. Young Beethoven wrote fifty-some pieces of music which he threw away before he dared label the first ‘Opus I.’ The Groupe de Six is still writing its fifty-some pieces—and alas, not throwing them away!”

The Italians have guarded well against such sheer precocity. The members of their school are knit into serious scholarship, and one must feel that out of their labors and experiments will arrive, if not yet a great genius, at any rate a great consciousness of the essence of finer and truer Italian art. There are other attractive names connected with the movement: Castlenuovo, Alfano, young Carabella, Tommassini, a Roman of illustrious family, whose orchestral “Nocturne” and ballets are as well known here as throughout Europe; De Sabata, a theatre conductor in Trieste, and—they say—a cripple, who flung off in a Straussian heat a tone poem, “Juventus,” which has been called the “glow of his generation’s revolt.” It is magnificently robust music. It forged a big way here; and Italy, prophet’s own country though it is, and still in the bonds of opera, has made a sort of battlecry of this “Juventus.”

Yet it is Casella, perhaps, who has expressed better than any other of them the purposes and ideals of their school. “We wish,” says he in his writings, “to return in our music to the antique, eternal characteristics of the Italian genius. These have always been grandiosity, severity, classicism, sobriety, robustness, elasticity, equilibrium, audacity and virtuosity.”

If this seems too large and too general a determination, it is nevertheless safe to predict that it will be sooner fulfilled by these symphonists than by the neo-Mascagnis and Puccinis of sentimental opera.

FOR A TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

This morning shines upon me with a distracted light.
The taste of my breakfast still wanders in my mouth,
I have fulfilled my relish for tragedy by reading from a history,
And now I sit back in my chair wondering what I have left
undone.

I brought you twelve pink roses just broken from the bud;
I have carefully kissed you twenty-five times,
Together we walked out and watched the moon,
A wave of mist condensing in a big, cold drop falling in
the West;

I have seen you in your birthday dress
Rising out of purple nonchalance, like a star out of dusk;
Before parting for the night, we embraced candidly
Exchanging desire between us, like shifting a burden from
shoulder to shoulder.

All these things return to me this morning.
I am listless in the sunlight which has taken me in its net
of impalpable folds.
The strength of the day before yesterday is greater than
the strength of other days.
I number it, act by act, and the memory of them calmly
delights me,
Sitting back in my chair, facing the contented windows,
Troubled only with the wonder of what has been left undone.

THE INSIDE OF GERMANY'S PURSE

By ALZADA COMSTOCK

THE casual American tourist who has returned from Germany retains one mental picture of that country and one only. "The factory chimneys are smoking everywhere," he says earnestly to his Little Group of Serious Listeners. "That convinced *me* that the Germans aren't nearly so hard up as they try to make out."

Valuable as the annual hegira is in some ways to the advancement of knowledge and international goodwill in the United States, it has its drawbacks. In the course of time something will have to be done to limit the fall crop of superficial impressions and snap judgments. The smoking factory chimneys of Germany, pictured now in every lecture hall on Main Street, have set up obstacles to the American understanding of reparations problems which even the cohort of foreign emissaries cannot remove.

Of course the factory chimneys are smoking! And of course everybody, old and young, strong and weak, is at work. Who wouldn't work, under the circumstances? If the only 500 marks you have in the world will buy your loaf of bread for today, but if a loaf of bread is going to cost 1,000 marks tomorrow, you may be sure that you are going out at an early hour tomorrow morning to labor diligently for that next 1,000 marks. And you may be sure also that you will spend the 500 marks you now have very promptly, *tonight*, for every hour that you keep those marks in your possession the chances grow smaller that they will be enough for the loaf. But when once you have the loaf of bread under your arm, you are relieved to have something which has fairly stable value. You know that you can go to bed and leave that loaf of bread in its box without being afraid of

finding that it has dwindled to half its size by morning.

The casual tourist's error is this: he mistakes this orgy of working all day and every day, which is merely a necessary and wise adaption of ordinary life to the course of the falling mark, for a period of enviable prosperity. We in America have done the rest, confusing the obvious revival of industry with the resumption of Germany's business as a going financial concern.

There is only one road to the discovery of what is going on in Germany's national business, and there is no short-cut. That road is the analysis of the nation's account-books. Two questions should be asked: *What is Germany's income and who furnishes it?* and, second, *How much is Germany spending and for what is she using it?* In the answers to these two questions is a description of Germany's position today.

At first glance Germany's budget has an odd appearance. It is divided into sections, and at places the two sides do not seem to balance. But even common knowledge has it that this has happened elsewhere in Europe. The first task, therefore, is to distinguish the oddities which Germany has sole claim upon from the peculiarities which other parts of Europe have developed.

Two bad habits have fastened themselves on the governments of continental Europe since the war ended. They have developed a lethargic willingness to let their income lag year by year behind their expenses and, as a consequence, they burn the other end of the candle by borrowing money.

The revenue side of a national budget simply cannot be made to balance the expenditure side, apparently—except in Great Britain, where the national financial genius has kept the country out of the general loosening-up of fiscal standards. The continental countries have devised a way to keep this fact from intruding itself too unpleasantly upon the understanding, however. They present the public with an "ordinary budget" and an "extraordinary budget." Upon inspection, the ordinary budget proves to be that section

of the country's contemplated expenditure which there is to be enough income to meet. The extraordinary budget is the remainder—to be explicit, those expenses which the state firmly intends to incur but for which there is no visible source of income.

An extraordinary budget can be maintained by a private citizen in only one way, and that a hard one: he can borrow. For nations the descent is far easier. They can borrow because they can almost force the possessors of money to lend to them, and because their creditors cannot rise up to call them bankrupt. And after that they can print paper money until ruin overtakes them.

Germany's budget for 1922-23 outdoes the rest in complexity. It is divided into three sections, the first of which holds the provisions for carrying on the regular business of government. The other two sections concern public enterprises and reparation payments.

The customary subdivision into "ordinary" and "extraordinary" budgets appears in the first section. When the figures were made out, early in 1922, the section had an orderly and promising appearance. The estimated ordinary revenue exceeded the ordinary expenditure, leaving a balance to be transferred to the reparations section. The extraordinary budget was insignificant in comparison, and the borrowing which was planned to meet its outlays was to amount to less than three per cent of the budget total. The sum of the two sections was just over the 100 billion marks.

During the year that has followed this orderly structure has crashed. The figures for the actual results for the first half of 1922-23 show that in that short time the money already expended had climbed to 300 billions marks, or three times the expenditure planned for the whole year. Only a little more than a third of this could be met by the existing taxes, and the rest must be met by borrowing and the issue of paper money. Meanwhile the *relative* amount which could be met by taxes was falling month by month.

Whatever errors in fiscal management there may have

been, the first blame for this increasingly serious situation must be laid impersonally at the door of the falling mark. As the mark loses in value the government's expenses for supplies and services rise—not accurately and immediately, to be sure, but with an ominous inevitability. But the tax payments continue to come in at the old figures, on valuations of perhaps a year before, for it takes a long time to adjust a tax system to a changing currency.

The government's difficulties can be made clear by taking a hypothetical case from one of our American states. Suppose that in this state the inheritance tax had been counted upon year in and year out to cover the state's expenditure for roads. Then imagine a drop in the value of the dollar to half of its former value. The upkeep of the roads will cost the state about twice as much as before, but the inheritance tax receipts, trickling in months and years late, based on property valued under previous conditions, will stop at the old figures. It is this situation, literally a thousand times intensified, which Germany has to meet.

What is left? Its most earnest enemies cannot doubt that the German government would be glad to be told of some sliding scale which could be used to keep taxes up to their assigned place in the budget in a period of depreciating currency. Nothing permanent can be done except to undertake to remedy that far deeper ill, the fall of the mark itself.

And so the borrowing has gone on, outstripping by hundreds of billions of marks the tax receipts for the closing months of 1922. It is at home that the money must be borrowed, in part through voluntary loans and in part by compulsory loans, for Germany's foreign market is gone. And enormous issues of paper money have followed.

That part of Germany's income which is true income, the receipts from taxation, yields up its secrets when it is analyzed in its turn. The first question to be asked is how Germany has chosen to tax: whether it is the rich or the

poor, and the agriculturalists or the city dwellers, who contribute most heavily to the expenses of government.

During the early years of the war, when the investing public was trying to grasp a few essential axioms of government finance, we were told that all governments had constantly before them a choice of emphasis between two types of taxation, direct and indirect. *Direct* taxes are such taxes as income and inheritance taxes, the burden of which continues to rest upon the man who first pays them to the government, that is, ordinarily he cannot pass on much of them to some one else. *Indirect* taxes are the type with which we are familiar in the case of tobacco products, for example. In that case the seller has the inconvenience of making sure that the specified tax is paid, but he never has any difficulty in passing them on to the ultimate consumer.

At a subsequent stage in our public education we were informed that the soundest and best-managed countries, financially speaking, were more definitely inclined towards direct taxation than the others. Great Britain, whose financial acumen, as a government at least, is certainly unmatched, was pointed out as the classic land of direct taxation; the United States was shown to be a late but conspicuous arrival in the same camp; while France, whose financial affairs have not been kept in the good order which private business in that country shows, supplied the illustration of an emphasis upon indirect taxation.

The issues between direct and indirect taxation are many. Roughly speaking, most of the conventional direct taxes fall upon the well-to-do, while the indirect taxes which are imposed upon necessities, as many of them are, put a burden on the poor. Then, too,—and this seems to be a weightier matter when it comes to a legislative choice—direct taxes *hurt*; they compel a recognition of the individual sacrifice which is made in order to meet the expenses of government. Indirect taxation is painless. Some nationalities are so trained that they take their taxes straight while others demand an anesthetic.

Germany shows the influence of both types of mind. In the matter of direct taxation she stands ahead of France and Italy but behind the United States and Great Britain. The budgets for the year 1922-23 published by the League of Nations show the following percentages of total net revenue which were expected to be furnished by direct taxation:

United States	58.2
Great Britain	52.8
Germany	38.3
France	31.7
Italy	23.0

Germany, then, is not so daring as the Anglo-Saxon countries or so timid as the Latin countries when the time comes to present tax bills.

In another way Germany shows that she occupies a middle ground. The two taxes which stand out in the German system as individually the most important and productive are the income tax and the turnover tax. One of these is a direct tax and the other is an indirect tax. Each was scheduled to produce more than a fifth of Germany's total net revenue in 1922-23.

The income tax, the direct tax which is the corner-stone of the tax systems of the United States and Great Britain, is an old and reliable standby in Germany as well. It can become important only in a country which dares to draw a considerable part of its revenue from its well-to-do inhabitants. The very position which it occupied in the German budget for 1922-23 shows the middle-ground course of German taxation. That position was one of less importance than the income taxes of the United States and Great Britain, but far ahead of the corresponding taxes in France and Italy. This tax is intended to operate with equality between the agriculturalist and the urban taxpayer, but in cases where the agriculturalist's income cannot be located the latter is liable to escape.

The present German income tax is a progressive tax, with rates which run from 10 to 60 per cent. The question of

keeping taxes abreast of the falling mark has an odd slant in a case like this. Under the old tax 1,500 marks were exempt. At that point the 10 per cent rate went into effect, and at 400,000 marks 60 per cent was reached. The falling mark made the old scale worthless, for instead of exempting the man who could just earn a living, taxing the well-to-do moderately, and taking something more than half their income from the rich, that law imposed at the present time would take more than half his income away from the ordinary workingman! For on the first of January, 1923, when a mark was worth about a hundredth of a cent, the 400,000 maximum of the old scale would amount to \$40. Even allowing for the inertia of wages in following the fall of the mark, few workmen in Germany at that time can have been earning less.

The taxation committee of the Reichstag has had to repair the income tax scale almost over night, so that the maximum rate may come into effect when income in depreciated marks reaches into the hundreds of millions. But every time the rates are changed they become obsolete before they can be acted upon.

Germany's use of the income tax may seem to ally her with the more stable countries, but in the adoption of the levy on capital she has taken a step which causes terror even in contemplation in England and France. The taxation of capital at a high progressive rate amounts to the confiscation of much of the property of the country's richest men. A dozen or so capital levy laws are in operation in Europe, but with the exception of Italy's they exist only in countries which have been facing actual financial ruin. Germany's capital levy is known as the "Sacrifice for the Empire's Need" (*Reichsnotopfer*) or the "Emergency Levy." The rates run from 10 per cent to 65 per cent on the largest fortunes. A German millionaire (or trillionaire) stands a small chance before the law of keeping more of his capital than of his income. Relatively speaking the Emergency Levy has been fairly

productive. Its proceeds have been estimated at from six to seven per cent for the revenue for the last two years. But the payments have been slow in coming in and the government is convinced that the tax is being evaded.

The direct taxes are actively resented by the large agrarian interests in Germany. In the spring of 1922 the government began a more determined effort to get a surplus to carry over the reparation expenses from the landed classes, who were believed to have made big profits out of the rise in the cost of living which had burdened the wage-earners so seriously.

The Junkers made an effort to resist the whole tax program for 1922-23, the most irritating part of which was the income tax. They filed protests against the income tax in the belief that it would take at least three years to determine the justice of their claims and to collect the amounts due. At the same time they opposed the other property taxes. The belief became general in Germany that they stored arms and ammunition on the big estates and trained armed forces of sufficient strength to intimidate the government. Later in the year the fall of the mark submerged taxation issues, and the protests of the agricultural interests became fainter.

Although Germany has the mainstay of the tax systems of Great Britain and the United States, the income tax, as the most important member of the group of direct taxes, she has the turnover tax, the principal support of France and Belgium, as an equally important member of the group of indirect taxes. Sales taxes have made almost as much of a sensation as capital levies in the world which is concerned with post-war finance. They are taxes which are paid by the consumer in the form of a percentage addition to the price of the article he buys, but they are so quiet in their operation that he often forgets their existence. Great Britain and the United States have dallied with the idea without bringing themselves to

the point of using this type of tax, but elsewhere in Europe the sales tax has been adopted with as great gusto as its antithesis, the capital levy.

In Germany the turnover tax is set at two per cent on every sale. The results could not fail to mount into the billions unless evasion were general and continuous. Although it was intended as a consumers' tax, it works out as a tax which the big manufacturers and merchants pay while the small shopkeepers who make insignificant sales easily evade it. This fact, combined with the price changes with which the falling mark has inundated the commodity market, has produced a tax which after all lays a considerable burden, financial as well as administrative, on the country's more important business men. It is not intended to pass over the heads of the agriculturists, but as a matter of fact it does, and the irritation which it produces in big business circles counterbalances the Junkers' dislike of the income tax and the other direct taxes.

As it stands on paper this tax system is vigorous. It seems to contain a fair amount of direct taxation with the implied attempt to draw the state's revenue in large part from the rich and the propertied. Two facts appear, however, to put the tax program in its true position as an unimportant part of Germany's fiscal policy or lack of policy. The first is the increasing tendency to resort to borrowing and when that fails to the issue of paper money to meet current expenses, so that the percentage of expenses met from taxation is receding towards a vanishing point. The second is the lightness with which the available evidence shows that the tax burden falls upon the average individual.

During the course of the reparations discussion and the discussion of its sister problem, interallied debts, the taxpayers' burdens in the great countries which survived the war have been undergoing attempts at comparison. The answer to the question, "How much is the ordinary

taxpayer in each of these countries required to contribute?" is hard to work out. If we find the amount of taxes per head for the year and then translate the amounts into dollars, the comparison is only begun. The direct translation of the German taxpayer's bill in paper marks at the current rate of exchange is not fair, for the purchasing power of his marks has not fallen as fast as the exchange rate, and that method would make his tax bill appear lower than it actually is in his own scale of living. One of the most satisfactory methods has been the use of a price index which takes into account the home purchasing power of the currency involved. Using an index of this kind, Harvey E. Fisk of the Bankers' Trust Company of New York, has presented the following results in his volume, *French Public Finance*:

Per capita tax in 1921	
England	\$72
Belgium	40
France	36
United States	26
Italy	17
Germany	8

Comparisons made by different formulas have appeared from time to time, but even the less carefully prepared show the German tax burden to be slighter than that of the other countries. The Germans reply, somewhat irrelevantly, that the treaty of peace does not require the German taxes to be heavier than those of her former enemies, but simply "fully as heavy;" and add, more pertinently, that the comparative figures published cannot be proved to be accurate for a period in which the currency has been so unsettled.

When we leave the category of taxes we leave true income behind, for Germany's state enterprises have begun to show a deficit. The rest of Germany's funds have come from loans, voluntary and compulsory; from short-term treasury notes; and, finally, from the printing-press.

When the investing public fails to absorb new notes the Reichsbank must buy them, printing paper money in bales for the purpose. The fresh output of marks causes a fall in their value, an increase in the government's expenses for goods and services, an increasing deficit, and so again around the circle.

In the budget of 1922-23 two-thirds of Germany's expenditures were scheduled for the execution of the treaty of peace and the remaining third for the ordinary expenses of government. In the latter section the interest on the public debt stands out as the largest item. This could hardly fail to be true in a country which depends as heavily upon borrowing as Germany does. Interest on the loans outstanding rolls up like a snowball if it is not met through taxation or, as in Germany's case, subjected to a remedy worse than the disease, pacification by the printing-press.

As the year progressed and Germany's budget plans began to disintegrate the expenditures in execution of the treaty of peace fell back and administrative expenses went ahead, as the whole world now knows. When January, 1923, brought its confusion worse confounded, the administrative costs had far outclassed the rest and the government officials were prophesying that the increased wages and prices produced by the falling mark would swell them to an even higher point in the coming months.

The greater part of the funds with which Germany meets her hundreds of billions of expenditure cannot be called income. The small fraction which comes from taxation is demanded, it is true, in large part from "those best able to pay," in the phrase of the economist. But even those best able to pay are apparently contributing less than the corresponding individuals in other countries. To provide for the bulk of her expenditures Germany has tried to borrow. Funds obtained in this way are bought at a price, for the annual total of interest payments must be increased on their account, and there must

be some provision for paying the principal unless the government intends to repudiate the debt. For the rest there is only the resort of the paper mark, which promises disaster even as it meets the emergency of the moment.

What is the origin of the widening circle? Whether the first cause was the pressure of reparation demands, the course of international trade, the requirements of the budget, or possibly even a deliberate attempt to depress the mark, will perhaps never be agreed upon. The wild issue of paper marks is now regarded as the starting-point for attack, at least, and stabilization is understood to be Germany's greatest need. Permanent financial stability cannot be reached, however, until reform has reached further back and the returns from taxation and enterprise are expanded until they meet the government's expenses.

BY A DARK POOL

By MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT

You are a passionate lover of loveliness
Moved by all faces where a distant shine
Of beauty, and an eager soul, combine
To simulate your dream. You would possess
Them all, yet they are nothing to you, unless
With subtle fingers you erase this line,
That shadow, and imprint your own design,
Your likeness, with some intimate caress.

So you go troubled and unsatisfied,
Longing for beauty, beauty of cloud and flame,
For now in every face you see the same
Reflection. So I think for all his pride
One day by a dark pool, Narcissus cried
Despairingly, that no new image came.

A PARALYZED CITY

By WILLIAM R. WILSON

WHEN a boy of only twelve, each morning on my way to school I used to see a handsome and well-dressed old man sitting on the wide veranda of his great house in a large and shady lawn. Each afternoon as I returned, he would still be there, exactly as he had been that morning, well-dressed and rich, but motionless, stony, staring into space, the embodiment of misery and helplessness—he was completely paralyzed. And ever since, total paralysis has seemed to me the worst of maladies. Paralysis of a city is worse.

In August, 1922, through the courtesy of Rear-Admiral Mark L. Bristol, High Commissioner of the United States in Constantinople, and Commander-in-Chief of the United States Naval Forces in Near Eastern waters, I was accorded the privilege of going the round of the Black Sea on United States destroyers, and particularly of spending nine days in the port of Odessa.

Odessa was formerly a squalid little town on the narrow flats at the water's edge. A refugee from the French Revolution, Armand, Duc de Richelieu, Governor of the province under Czar Alexander I., picked her up and set her on the hill. With the skill of an engineer and the taste of an artist he laid out her noble streets, projected her boulevards and parks, and constructed her harbor. I have nowhere seen a more generously conceived city plan. Everything seems to have been placed just right. Standing at the beginning of the Boulevard de Richelieu, you are a hundred feet above the level of the water, down to which you may go by a grand brown-stone stairway, forty feet wide. In front, the Black Sea stretches to the distant horizon, and just beneath you are the wide piers, liberally provided with tracks,

cranes, and ware-houses. Here, too, are the railroad station, the custom-house, and other public buildings.

The Richelieu Monument marks the intersection of this Boulevard with another which follows the curve of the bluffs, and which has one side open to the sea, with park-ways where the people sit and look out on the water.

To your left and almost at your side, but hidden from view, under the brow of the hill, are the factories, or their remnants to be more exact, occupying the flat waterside originally used for the town.

Turn about now, your back to the sea, and the city is before you. The width of the streets is astonishing. The carriage-ways are well paved—there has been no traffic recently to wear them out. The sidewalks are broad, evidently laid out by the French Governor for the accommodation of sidewalk cafes. One sidewalk in particular is surely not less than forty feet wide. Most of the blocks are large and have great central courts with houses fronting on the street and others facing the court. There have been good architects in Odessa, for there is scarcely a building which is not well constructed and good to look at. The town houses would do credit to any city, and I have nowhere in Europe or in America seen more beautiful villas than those which adorned the bluff shores of the Black Sea west of the city. I say, adorned, for they do not now adorn them: Only enough is left of their walls to show how beautiful they were.

And here the picture changes: Summon before your imagination, now, the harbor, the station, the factories, the stores, the offices, the schools, the banks, the hospitals, the streets—all the things that make a city—and remember that they are modern, the oldest scarce a century, and altogether admirable; and then conceive, if you can—they do not function. The city is silent and hopeless. Odessa is paralyzed.

Of the many symptoms of an almost total paralysis, a few which I observed may be mentioned:

She is a city without commerce. On the main business

streets, many of the stores were boarded up. Of those which were open, it was said that most of them had begun business only a few weeks before. Several new ones were cautiously opened during the time I was there. The show windows of all were pitifully alike, hung with trinkets and personal keepsakes such as hungry men and women might be driven to offer for sale in an extremity. It was embarrassing to enter a shop; the shelves were so bare. One felt as though he were intruding a stranger's gaze on poverty which they would prefer to have hidden. The absence of the staples of life was appalling. One view of such shops would make any man appreciate the indispensable service a merchant with well-furnished shelves renders to his community.

As we enter the great harbor, only one merchant vessel was in sight, the *George Allen*, discharging food for the American Relief Administration, the gift of America to the starving people of Russia.

Someone said to me, "Here's a sight—bring your camera," and on the side of the pier which should have been lined with busy shipping, sat a long row of hungry wretches, each with his fishing line trying to snatch an easy breakfast from the friendly water. We were too far to get a good snapshot, but the picture is fixed in the memory of all who were on the *MacLeish* that morning. We estimated at least two hundred of those shining bamboo poles. And when a man was rewarded with a "bite," it turned out to be a tiny herring not larger than a sardine.

She was a city without food. Loaves and small fishes are the standards of value there. I suppose that these privileged ones who were allowed to fish from off the pier might be called "Odessa's two hundred," being by just this much better off than all the other citizens. Men who had evidently been well-to-do publicly carried their black loaves under their arms with a kind of treasuring, defensive grasp or hug. I saw no bartering of loaves. Once possession of a loaf was secured, no offer could tempt the holder to part with it. In this respect the new rich—the new bourgeoisie,

they are called—were no better off than the poor. There was in August no food but that which the American Relief Administration provided. With all classes, the prime question was not how many million rubles they could pay per day, but how they could manage to obtain a share of the scanty food supply.

The Chandler could not sell us bread, and he would not accept money for baking our own bread for us; he had to be paid in bread. Pilots everywhere serve vessels of war without pay. Our pilot, who had been a Russian Naval Officer, almost wept when Captain Ellis gave him a bag of flour as his reward for bringing us safely through the mine field.

She is a city without water. This is an extreme statement, but substantially, it is only too true. Her formerly excellent water supply was brought from a distant mountain stream. No repairs have been made and no care has been taken, and now she receives her water in such a state of purity as it may happen to be in, and through such pipes as may happen to be in good enough repair to bring it.

She is a city without fuel. Forests are near enough to supply her needs, but no one wishes to cut the wood, and few freight cars are left to transport it. Coal is little used. People will do desperate things before they will freeze. I venture to say there is not half the furniture in Odessa now that there was four years ago. A chair or a table will produce a lot of heat when burned in one of those wonderful Russian stoves. And those beautiful villas, only the walls of which remain—as soon as their occupants had fled for safety from the Bolsheviki, every prestige of woodwork was taken from them by the populace—furniture, floors, doors, windows, roofs, absolutely every splinter—and used for fuel.

She is a city without clothing. In the days of the carpet-baggers in the South, there was current a little rhyme about “rag and tags and velvet gowns.” I saw no velvet gowns in Odessa, but I saw things which have made it necessary for me to revise downward my conception of “rags and tags.”

It had never occurred to me that an entire community could run out of everything at once, so that even those who had the price could not clothe themselves. Every costume was short somewhere, most of them short everywhere. Stockings were simply not worn. The few that appeared on the street actually looked inappropriate. I saw several suits, coat and trousers, made of crocus bags, in which grain had come from America. All the stocks of all the stores were not sufficient to meet one-thousandth part of the immediate needs of the people.

She is a city without transportation. The railroads are broken down. The recent strike in the United States emphasized the need of constant repairs to rolling stock. In Russia there have been no repairs worth mentioning in eight years. When our train service got poor last summer, we used automobiles. They have no automobiles. In Odessa, a city of 450,000, the American Relief Administration had three or four cars, and the Bolshevik officials had two. Those were all I saw. There are no teams; the horses have been used up too.

A train leaves for Moscow each Wednesday, and there is one small daily local train. The American Relief Administration had great difficulty in distributing supplies throughout the country. Only a resolute man, like Colonel Grove, and a resourceful staff like his, could have done it. In the face of an almost non-existent transportation system, they began work in March, and by June, there was only one village in the Ukraine where they did not have in operation at least one soup kitchen.

She is a city without industries. She was the distributing center of a large province, and once had many factories. Now, there is probably not a single piece of machinery in the entire factory district which has not been wrecked. The windows are gone, and the walls have great holes battered through them.

When Bolshevism proclaimed, "Down with the Bourgeoisie," the proletarian mob arose and stormed these citadels

of the rich. "Now," said they, "we will be free; now, we will not have to work." And since that day not a hand has been raised to restore the ruined factories.

I might go on and on with this recital—hospitals without a single mattress, sheet, or surgical instrument; schools without a piece of equipment. It is difficult to understand how, wherever one turns, there is nothing left to work with.

The whole social and economic structure has collapsed, and the people have reverted to primitive practices, instinctively beginning the process of rebuilding just where the political economists tell us our own forefathers began ages ago. In the open air markets hundreds of men and women engaged in barter, without any medium of exchange—coats for skirts, shoes for hats, nails for knives—all second-hand.

Gross immorality stalks the streets, illustrating again the truth of the adage about "mischief still for idle hands to do."

Perhaps the diagnosis of paralysis has not yet been unmistakably made. The old man of my boyhood memory might have lost his elegant clothes, his great house and his shady lawn—he might have lost the strength to move himself, and yet not been paralyzed. One thing was needed to complete the diagnosis in his case—the lack of bodily response to brain suggestion.

In the case of Odessa, we might call it the loss of intellectual direction. Two indications will suffice. Look at the famine. No evidence of intelligent leadership appears. The head did not work. Nothing was done to avert the famine—nothing to mitigate its horrors. And this, under a form of government avowedly Socialistic, and supposed to be especially devoted to the interests of the lower classes, naturally the first victims of famine. The initiative had to come from America.

Then consider the plague, typhus and cholera, which raged almost unchecked. The local physicians, true to the best traditions of their calling, did their utmost, but without beds, without medicines, without instruments, they were

unable to withstand its ravages. The head, the Soviet Government, did nothing. Any community blessed with intelligent leadership could have averted these calamities, or devised a way to cope with them. Odessa was helpless. She had been deprived of intelligent leadership, intentionally and deliberately. For instance, the very day I arrived in port, the entire faculty of her University was placed under arrest, and within ten days eleven of the fifteen were banished without trial. Some said, they had co-operated too freely with the American Relief Administration in its great campaign against famine and disease. I do not know. One thing is clear. If a Russian with a cultivated intellect and a kind heart yields to his desire to help his suffering people, he becomes *persona non grata* to the Soviet leaders. Such a man is not wanted by these Socialists, either in Odessa or anywhere else in Russia. He must think as they think, or go.

I am told that paralysis in a man is due to brain lesion. Let us carry our parallel one step further, and note that the paralysis of Odessa is caused by trouble with the brain. Soviet Russia is thinking wrong.

Why is Odessa without commerce? Because commerce is founded on the right of private ownership, which Soviet Russia denies. Success in commerce is dependent on enterprise, and seldom can a man be found who will be enterprising in a commercial undertaking, from which he can hope to derive no greater benefits than his unenterprising neighbors.

Why is Odessa without food? Because, no matter how altruistic a farmer may be, he is not going to lay himself out, year after year, to obtain the greatest yield from his acres, when he knows that as soon as the crop is garnered, the strong hand of Moscow will take the most of it from him, to be given to others, who, although supposed to contribute in turn to his family's needs, may never do so.

And why is she without water, and fuel, and clothing? For the simple reason that, even though sincere men may fondly dream in Moscow that they can best help their fellow men by administering the Socialistic nostrum *en masse*, and

even though these desperate dreamers have seized the reins of autocratic power and are exercising tyranny in Russia more complete than the Czaristic bureaucrats ever attained to, human nature still silently asserts its individual liberty, and refuses, except so far and so long as coercion is individually applied, to co-operate in the socialistic scheme, attractive though its promises may be.

This looks as though Russia were really thinking aright. I think not. This is not thought, it is instinct. It is the failure of the great body politic to respond to suggestions from its head, and paralysis of the entire social structure is the result. The thinking of Russia is done by these adventurers at Moscow, who in the face of failure are as yet unwilling to admit that their theories of society will not work, although the experiment was made at the most favorable moment in the world's history, and upon a people, who, oppressed by a government which should have protected them, and sunk in ignorance and superstition by a church which should have enlightened them, might reasonably have been expected to react to any scheme however fantastic which promised them relief from their burdens. The reaction was immediate, but time shows it was neither complete nor permanent.

I do not intend to discuss Socialism. It has one name and many definitions. It takes an expert to keep up with its rapid changes. No other system of human faith seems to have been more divided into discordant sects and factions; but of all shades of this belief, it may be sweepingly said that they are basically wrong. When pushed to the last analysis, the foundation stone of their teaching is that property is the highest good, that man's greatest happiness is to be attained by a fair distribution and equitable distribution of material possessions. Socialism's quarrel with Capitalism is not on fundamentals, but on superficialities; not that Capitalism worships material possessions, which Socialism also exalts to the first place, but that these possessions are improperly distributed under the capitalistic system. In essence they teach, what a man has is what counts—not what

he is. They can never cure the ills of the world with this shallow philosophy.

I met one of the responsible Soviet officials of Odessa several times and experienced great courtesy at his hands. His ambition seemed to be to get an agricultural demonstration center established by America in the Ukraine. Of the sincerity of his desire to help his country, I have no doubt. I only wonder whether he had reflected of how little value it would be to teach his people agriculture, so long as his Soviet government is depriving them of the incentive to practice it. I did not have an opportunity of discussing with him his own views of Socialism, but so earnest was he that I came away with a great question in my mind, whether he were at heart a Bolshevik, or one of the Russian patriots who think they can serve their country best by working with the present all-powerful government. I would like to think the latter, although nothing he did or said gave me the slightest ground for doing so.

Someone who should be in a position to know said that real Socialists are not numerous enough to fill all the offices in Russia, and the Soviet Government has many servants who do not hold its tenets. It is currently asserted that there is a steady decline in the number of adherents to Socialism in Russia. One citizen, using the term Communists instead of Socialists, said to me, "At one time there were 600,000 Communists; now there are 400,000; later there will be 200,000 and then, none." God grant that his prophecy may soon come true.

But, it is not enough that those who have believed in Socialism abandon it—there is nothing positive in that—nor is it enough that the great mass of the people should instinctively fail to respond to the Socialistic plans—there is nothing constructive in this. This instinct must be transmuted into thought, and this thought into purpose, before Russia can be free. For, so long as the purposeful thinking in Russia is the fallacious thinking of the present masters of Moscow, just so long must Odessa and the rest of Russia be the victims of this brain lesion, and continue to suffer from paralysis.

AMENDING THE CONSTITUTION

By HON. JAMES W. WADSWORTH, JR.

THERE are something like seventy proposals for amending the Constitution of the United States now pending in the Congress. They relate to a large variety of matters. Some have the support only of the individual proposers, some have the support of comparatively small, though earnest minorities and some have considerable public support for the moment. Whatever the strength back of these efforts to change our fundamental law, it cannot be denied that we are living in an era characterized by expressions of a desire for change. Indeed, some of the changes proposed are revolutionary. I think I am not far wrong in saying that the people as a whole are not studying these proposals with that care which the importance of the subject demands. The purpose, the significance, the value of our Constitution are too often passed by casually. Too many of us are prone to regard the proposed changes with little more seriousness than we regard changes in our statute law.

It may be, and I hope it is, true that the experience of the last three years in connection with the 18th Amendment has opened the eyes of the people to the vital importance of keeping the Constitution sound, consistent and logical during any process of expansion or perfection. At any rate, no thoughtful person will fail to appreciate the danger involved in permitting the Constitution to be amended by default in the future. No patriotic person will fail to do his level best to acquaint himself with the proposals now pending and to expound, to the best of his ability, the tendency, good or bad, of each and every one of them should they be taken up for serious consideration. We do not want our form of government, a federal union of states, transformed step by step (while we are not looking) into a highly cen-

tralized bureaucracy. I am sure we all dread the establishment, gradual though it may be, of a system of government in this nation which will sap the strength, initiative and sense of responsibility of the citizen and of the community in which he lives. I am certain too that if they are alive to such a tendency, the American people will never permit the destruction of those guarantees of liberty and of the possession of honestly earned property, the latter an essential ingredient of liberty.

I am led to make these observations, not only because there are three score and ten proposed amendments to the Constitution pending in Congress, but because, also, of some recent events comparatively unnoticed. And it is these events, according to my way of thinking, which point a lesson from which we should profit, to the enduring advantage of the nation.

Let me recapitulate for just a moment. Since the ratification by the states of the original Constitution, nineteen amendments have been added to it. The first ten amendments are generally regarded as a part of the original conception. Collectively, they are known as the Bill of Rights. Their principles were taken for granted by most of the delegates in the Constitutional Convention of 1787. They were added to the original instrument to make assurance doubly sure, to satisfy the people that there was no mistake about their being included. So, to that extent, we may disregard them as real amendments. We, therefore, have had nine real amendments. The last four, the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth, have been adopted since the year 1913, a period of approximately nine years. In the adoption of these four, as well of all the amendments preceding them, but one of the methods provided in Article 5 (the amendatory article) has been used, namely, submission by Congress to the legislatures of the several states and ratification by those legislatures. In none of the amendments thus far adopted has the Congress resorted to the alternative provided in the amendatory article, namely, the submission of the amendment to conventions to be called in

each of the states for the purpose of considering the matter.

The history of the ratification of amendments by state legislatures contains some interesting incidents. Some of them happened before our time. I shall not recite them. Some of them happened in connection with the ratification of the last two amendments, the 18th and 19th, and were so extraordinary as to compel our earnest thought. And let me suggest here, and I make the suggestion in all sincerity, let us forget our estimate of the merits of the 18th and 19th Amendments. It is not important now what we thought of them. They are a part of the Constitution. We can, however, discuss the mechanism of their adoption and learn some lessons, valuable for the future. Before examining into them, let us recall to mind the fact that, during the last fifteen or twenty years, a great many states of the Union have altered their constitutions in such a way as to permit the qualified electors to pass upon the acts of their legislatures in popular referendum. In other words, the people in several of the states have assumed for themselves a part in legislating. We all know that amendments to the Constitution of the State of New York are voted upon in popular referendum. The fact is that the people in every state in the Union, with the possible exception of one, adopt amendments to their state constitutions by popular vote. This is common knowledge. The procedure is taken for granted and is founded on the fundamental theory that the people and the people alone may set up government and prescribe its powers; and that the people and the people alone may change the form and powers of their government. That all power in setting up government springs from the people who are to live under it, is a principle so thoroughly established in the states that there is no use arguing about it. But in a great many of the states, as I have indicated, the people have gone further and assumed the power of accepting or rejecting by popular vote the acts of their legislatures. Some people do not admire the practice of submitting ordinary legislative acts to popular vote. But I think few persons have questioned until re-

cently the inherent right of the people of a state to accept or reject the action of its legislature in ratifying an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, if they want to exercise that right.

This matter came up in the state of Ohio in connection with the Eighteenth or Prohibition Amendment. The people of Ohio had, prior to the submission of the amendment, changed their state constitution and laws so that an act of the Ohio legislature might be submitted to popular vote upon the petition of a certain number of qualified electors. Among the legislative acts thus brought within the jurisdiction of the qualified electors, resolutions proposing amendments to the Constitution of the United States were specifically included. In other words, the people of Ohio, in amending their own constitution made themselves a part of the legislative machinery for the ratification of Federal amendments. The Eighteenth Amendment was submitted to the legislature of Ohio in due course. The legislature ratified the amendment. It was thereupon referred to the qualified electors, in accordance with the Ohio constitutional provision and the qualified electors, at a popular referendum, rejected it. The right of the people to do this was questioned and the highest court in Ohio sustained the constitutionality of the procedure. The case was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States and thereupon that court reversed the Ohio court and held that, under Article 5 of the Federal Constitution, the act of the Ohio legislature, in ratifying was sufficient and conclusive. This means that the people of the several states shall have no control over their legislatures in the matter of the ratification of Federal amendments. I do not criticise the Supreme Court in its interpretation of the phrase, "their legislatures," as used in Article 5. I am mightily surprised at it. However, the phrase means what the Court says and, for the time being, therefore, the people of the several states are excluded from exercising, directly, any power in connection with changes in the fundamental law of this great Federal Union. Surely, such a situation is intolerable. It is in conflict with

our theory of the origin of government. I venture to say, too, that it subjects the Federal Constitution to very grave danger in the future. Article 5 must be changed so that the people of each state, if they so desire, may control the action of their legislature in this fundamental matter.

Another set of incidents occurred in connection with the adoption of the last two amendments which are as extraordinary as the one which I have just recited. Thirty-eight legislatures ratified the 19th Amendment. In thirteen of those states the people had, but a short time before, voted down state suffrage amendments. In five of the thirty-eight states the state constitution was so framed as to forbid the legislatures in being at the time to ratify the amendment. In all five states the legislators ignored the state constitution and ratified the Federal amendment in violation of it and of their oaths of office. Of the thirty-eight legislatures which ratified it, thirty-four were what might be termed "hold-over" legislatures; that is, they had been elected prior to the submission of the 19th Amendment. As that amendment was not an issue in the election of those thirty-four legislatures, the people had no opportunity to select their legislators with this issue in mind. Of the legislatures which ratified, thirty did so in special sessions called by the governors. All thirty of the special session legislatures were "hold-over" legislatures.

Now let us see what happened in Tennessee. The constitution of that state specifically prohibits the legislature from ratifying a Federal amendment unless that legislature has been elected subsequent to the submission of the amendment. Its constitution also provides that a quorum shall consist of two-thirds of the members of the House. The Governor of Tennessee called the legislature, which had been elected before the Nineteenth Amendment had been submitted, in special session. A dramatic contest took place in the lower House. The opponents of ratification cited Tennessee Constitution as prohibiting the legislature from acting. Supporters of the amendment, having a small majority, threw the constitution and their oaths of office to the

winds and determined to go ahead. Thereupon resort was had by those who were faithful to their oaths to an unusual procedure. They left the Capital in sufficient numbers to break the constitutional quorum and proceeded across the Tennessee line into Alabama. There were ninety-nine members of the House. Sixty-six members constitute a quorum under the state constitution. A sufficient number of members left the state to reduce those remaining to fifty-nine. Those who broke the quorum did so in the hope that, through delay, the people of the state might exert their influence upon the members of the legislature. But the fifty-nine who were left and who did not constitute a quorum proceeded to ratify just the same by a vote of fifty to nine. The Governor of Tennessee certified to the ratification by the legislature and sent the certificate to the Secretary of State at Washington. That official promptly proclaimed Tennessee's ratification and, as Tennessee was the thirty-sixth state, the Nineteenth Amendment was deemed to have been ratified by the necessary three-fourths of the states. The whole thing happened in a few days. The national leaders of the Republican and Democratic parties, eager for the votes of women in the presidential election, were parties to this outrage. They pleaded and begged and urged that Tennessee act. The people of Tennessee were ignored and its constitution violated. The politicians did not care.

Immediately there followed another extraordinary incident. The Tennessee legislators went home for their people and spent a few days with them before again gathering in the State Capital. When they re-convened they promptly rescinded the resolution of ratification, undid everything they had done a week or ten days before and made the Governor send a certificate to that effect to Washington. But it was too late! There is nothing in the Constitution of the United States which permits a state to rescind its ratification of a Federal amendment. One might recite other incidents almost as interesting as this, each of them indicating action by state legislatures in direct violation of the popular will as expressed at the polls. The people of California in a state-

wide referendum rejected state prohibition. The legislature of the state, shortly thereafter, ratified national prohibition. The people of Texas in a state-wide referendum rejected state suffrage. The legislature, within a month, ratified national suffrage. The people of Massachusetts, on every occasion when there had been anything like a test, had rejected prohibition. The legislature, at the behest of the Republican State Committee, ratified the Eighteenth Amendment. The people of Ohio voted three times in succession in popular referenda and in each of them rejected state suffrage. The legislature of Ohio promptly ratified national suffrage. The people of Maryland voted, by a heavy majority, against prohibition. The legislature promptly ratified the Federal Prohibition Amendment. In New York a party caucus in the State Senate changed two votes and assured ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment. Where do the people come in? In dozens of cases they were not allowed to be heard. Their own constitutions were violated, their legislators broke their oaths of office and, to cap the whole situation, the law of the land, as construed by the Supreme Court, provides that the people of a state shall not have any control over their legislature in the matter of changes in the fundamental law of the nation.

It matters not what any one of us thinks of the merits of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Amendments. That is not the point. The point is that we have reached a step in the development of our Constitution where something must be done to restore to the people the power which everyone thought they possessed. We must see to it that amendments proposed from this time on shall be submitted in such fashion as to give the people themselves a chance to say "yes" or "no" to them. We cannot afford to have some future amendment, destructive of our whole theory of government, manipulated through the requisite number of legislatures, with the people standing by helpless to prevent it. The issue is too great for us to take any chances with the propagandas which, today, are seeking to undermine the Constitution. The modern propagandist has just commenced to work.

He is tireless, always; he has an organization; that organization is very often generously supplied with funds; it has facilities for wide-spread publicity; oftentimes its leadership is adroit and skillful politically. The pressure of organized propanganda upon legislative bodies is terrific, well-nigh compelling. I can say that advisedly because I have seen and experienced it during fourteen years of legislative service. Sometimes the result is good. Sometimes it is very bad. There are all kinds, good, bad and indifferent. But in no case is that method of legislative control healthy or safe. We may not be able to do away with its influence in connection with our ordinary law making. Indeed, we need not fear it very greatly in that connection, because a bad law can be changed into a good law by simple legislative enactment, or it can be repealed altogether. But if, in the future, organized propaganda succeeds in amending the Constitution, that amendment, though it be wretchedly bad, is there to stay. To perfect it, to change it or to repeal it, will require under the present practice the affirmative action of two-thirds of each House of the Congress and of 36 legislatures. Thirteen legislatures can prevent the change and hold the bad amendment in its place forever. I doubt if we can amend or repeal an amendment once it is adopted. It is politically impossible. Granting that the people themselves, in the several states, are entitled to pass upon future amendments (and I contend they are so entitled), I firmly believe that the propagandist will find his greatest difficulty in following the voter into the booth and guiding his pencil as he marks his secret ballot. Will we be far wrong, from the practical standpoint, in insisting that our Constitution can be best perfected, made soundly responsive and, at the same time, protected from destruction by letting the people themselves control? And can we deny, whether we be Republicans or Democrats or affiliated with any other political organization, the exclusive right of these who set up government to contract or expand the powers of that government? There can be but one answer and it must be in the affirmative.

THE SCHOOL OF WISDOM

By HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER

THE Will to Significance—by this term might one define the flow and direction of the various intellectual forces which have been unloosed in the New Germany. The *nonsense* of the war, the tempests which swooped down upon the structure of civilization, the collapse of thousands of presumably safe, inviolable and enduring concepts and values, have reared up a Golgotha of ruin and suffering before all men's eyes. And this Mount of Punishment is crowned, Vesuvius-like, with smoke and flame. A volcano? It lifts itself as a fiery symbol in the dust-smothered heavens and from its open mouth floats up an enormous burning point of interrogation. It suggests a thousand similes. It glows and smoulders like a sickle, or a scimitar, a curved Damoclean sword demanding answers to innumerable enigmas—a flaming glaive held before the portals of that future Paradise whose augury to man is Peace and Contentment. But the planet is sick, sick with man, and no panacea has yet been found. Nevertheless search is being made.

Among these forces which are striving to establish a new Order in a new Cosmos, Count Hermann Keyserling and his School of Wisdom at Darmstadt, must be accounted as one of the most potent and important. In the course of a few years this dynamic personality, this Philosopher of the Present, a kind of blond and middle-aged Faust out of the Baltic borderlands, has succeeded in establishing a modern and secular Glastonbury in which, himself administering as High Priest, he uplifts the Grail of a new human dispensation. A firm and luminous nucleus has been established in the pretty Hessian capital; there is a novitiate of faithful pupils and disciples and a loyal following among well-

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known modern intellectuals in Germany and the adjoining lands, a monument of solid and constructive philosophical works and inspirational pamphlets—such are a few of the achievements of this remarkable man of thought and action.

What is this new Cosmos towards which Keyserling strives? What vital message or new synthesis does he bring us? What spiritual achievements are there to justify this apparently presumptuous and almost self-contradictory title—"The School of Wisdom"? Does this Philosopher also presume to be a Prophet? A Saviour? Out of what balsams or poisons are his panaceas made? The pontifical authority which he has usurped and which he exercises within the confines of his school—this czardom of the spirit that would eliminate all dispute and debate—upon what altruistic or egocentric urges is it based?

In "What We Need!"—"What I Am Striving For," one of his small, characteristically black and yellow pamphlets, all of which bear, typographically, a tasteful and individualistic stamp, Count Keyserling has laid down his fundamental principles, ideals and plan of action. Keyserling believes that our occidental culture can be preserved from that fate which Oswald Spengler has prophesied for it in such sombre and apocalyptic colors, only by the ascendancy of wisdom over knowledge. This truth is not, to be sure, a new discovery, but it is a truth which in an age like ours must be constantly rediscovered and reaffirmed.

In "The Way to Perfection," Keyserling demanded a centre for this new mission and outlined a definite plan. This at once brought forth a response. The "Society for Free Philosophy" was founded, and founded upon a practical basis. The Grand Duke Ernst Ludwig of Hessen made liberal donations and provided quarters for the Society and the School. Within the compass of these and through the medium of his various books, Keyserling has developed an intensive form of exhortation and instruction, striving steadily towards the realization of the goal of his life. The reconciliation between intellect and soul, the remarriage between them, the metabolism between the con-

tent and the form of life, the education and systematic training to a life conditioned by apperception in its higher and highest forms.

This School of Wisdom has no fast and firm curriculum, for it is based upon the ideal of "being," rather than upon the ideal of "Being able to do." Personality transcends ability—approaching in this the Goethean postulate that the supreme felicity of man is personality. "Full value human beings" (*Vollmenschen*) are to be fashioned out of fragmentary modernities, men capable of leadership out of the undecided of will, the wise or sage-like man out of those crammed with theoretical knowledge. The program sounds audacious and utopian.

"The eternal basic accord in every man's heart is to be struck into any melody that may be desired—nothing is to be taken from him, but only added unto him." Each man is to be furthered in accordance with his own intrinsic nature, each is to find the path unto himself, to the formation of the personal self.

Keyserling recognizes the fact that such an intensive cultivation of the human spirit and personality can be attained only by personal influence—as within the walls or porches of Plato's Academy, or the Oriental schools of wisdom where living contact means so much. This method is to be followed in this modern school—the educational objective is: "The polarization of personalities." A certain cloistral seclusion is therefore necessary, though once a year there is a Congress of all those interested in the School and the Society. These comprise the Communalty of the Patrons, the Communalty of the Scholars, the Communalty of the Intellectually Related. The official organ of the Society and School is called "*Der Leuchter*" (the Candelabrum) and this, varied in many interesting forms by different artists, is also the symbol of the publishing house of Otto Reichl which issues Keyserling's book and those of his followers. In addition there are personal communications of the Count's and pertinent articles by the leaders of the

school published from time to time under the title "*Der Weg zur Vollendung*."

During the recent sojourn of Rabindranath Tagore in Germany and the astonishing furore he created with the most unteutonic thinness of his thought, a kind of spiritual affiliation was established between this emissary of the spirit of the East, and a regular exchange of philosophical values arranged.

But the diluted and transparent generalizations upon the themes of Love, Humanity and Eternity which characterize the Indian poet and teacher, stand in sharp contrast with the bulk of Keyserling's thought which is pregnant with earth-experience, fresh summaries and new ideas. Keyserling's efforts are directed against the sabotage of the spiritual-intellectual treasury which mankind has slowly erected in its own honor, and against all attempts to prevent its being extended laterally and vertically. * * *

Interesting is Keyserling's analysis of the state of the modern German soul and his reason for his belief that the new synthesis will be first discovered in Germany. The German suffers from the "irreality" of his spirit. Thought in application to Life is remote to him—and no man more than he exemplifies the Schopenhauerin dictum that the "Intellect is the parasite of the Will." He finds it difficult to relate Thinking and Being—and loses himself, now in impracticability, now in ideologies, now in crass materialism—always the victim of his slow, indifferentiated soul. But it is precisely this spiritual need and its recognition which causes the cry for the new synthesis to resound loudest of all in Germany. Nowhere else is the insufficiency, the imperfection of the present mentality of mankind more clearly, more poignantly recognized than here. The German thought of liberation, the German *Gottessuchen* or search for God, the newer, unscholastic German philosophy and the German *Jugendbewegung*, or Movement of Youth, are in this sense but one single cry of longing. And since all things great are born of longing—for only he that seeks shall find, and only he that hath not shall achieve, and only

he who is not already at the goal is conscious of the problems that encumber the path towards it—it follows that Germany with this great objective in view and the distance that separates her from it ever before her eyes, is to be regarded as the soil upon which the New Synthesis will most likely spring to birth.

It is Philosophy and not Religion which Keyserling declares must solve and heal our modern ills and problems. But not Philosophy in the sense of a dry science or intellectual sport—its real essence lies in the fulfillment of Science in the synthesis of Wisdom.

It is remarkable, declares the Philosopher of Darmstadt, that it is precisely Socrates, condemned by the Athenians as a corrupter of youth, who has been elevated to the rank of a prototype of all Occidental philosophy—with the result that the concept of the Sage, that is, the One Who Knows, in contradistinction to the Truth-Seeker, never obtained a foothold in Europe—as was the case in India. Wisdom, in short, has never been the conscious goal of European effort. The evolutionary goal of the philosopher lies in his ascent to the plane of the Sage. And Philosophy must be life in the form of knowledge. A new type of Man must be postulated, the highest expression of which is the Wise Man and not the Learned Man, and this ideal must be concentrated and focused in institutions which are based upon the culture of Being and not, as already set forth, of merely “Being-able-to-do.”

In response to an invitation to attend the recent annual session of the “School of Wisdom,” I betook myself to Darmstadt. The session was inaugurated with a social evening during which the visitors were met and greeted by Count Keyserling, the Grand Duke of Hessen, Count Hardenberg and a number of intellectuals. The assemblage was the usual gathering of German types of the middle and upper intellectual classes, rather drab and showing the wear and tear of the war in subdued wardrobes. Here and there were poetic-scholarly, even a few theatrical faces, types of the intensive thinker, one or two Whitmanian *Naturmen-*

schen with long locks, open Byronic (Schiller) collars, teachers, literary men and women, a sprinkling of aristocrats, mostly in street garb—a few in evening dress. The faces were, on the whole, undistinguished and bourgeois, though revealing great capacity and efficiency. This point is worthy of mention because Count Keyserling lays a proper weight upon externals and does not underrate the psychological effects of polished forms of intercourse and upon cosmopolitan dress and manners.

Count Keyserling himself, a tall man, with an open, genial face, thin fair-grey hair irradiating his finely-modelled head, and a moustache and goatee giving emphasis to his face, opened the session with a lecture upon "Tension and Rhythm." The Universe was a complex of these forces and movements, and all nature was progressing towards a balanced and equalized harmony. This law of rhythm and and tension, translated into religious, ethical and intellectual terms such as the Orient, the Occident, the Catholic Church, Bolshevism and the like, brought forth the phenomena of civilization, the present antagonism between East and West, between Capital and Labor, between Democracy and Autocracy. Every eccentric movement was the beginning of a new concentric movement. The ideal of life was not to be sought in the abolition of antagonisms. Love thy enemy, *but as an enemy*.

Dr. Erwin Rousselle, an assistant of Count Keyserling's, spoke upon "The Significance of the Tragic" in which he reviewed the tragedy of the western world after the war from the viewpoint of the heroic, the self-sacrificial and the illuminated in human nature. Professor Ernst Troeltsch, the distinguished historian of the University of Berlin, delivered a brilliant address upon "The Element of Chance in Historical Truths." Otto Flake, a young novelist turned philosopher, read a paper which called for an extreme, in fact excruciating concentration of thought, an abstraction of abstractions, under the fantastic, almost ironic title of "The Reconciliableness of the Irreconcilable." Major Wolfgang Muffe, a type of the scholarly soldier, spoke upon

the theme of "Heroism and the Speech of the Senses." There was an address by Dr. Leo Baeck upon "Man under Tension and Man Complete," another by Dr. Paul Feldkeller upon "The World of Concepts and the Germanic Spirit." Dr. von Raumer, a minister of the Republic, spoke of "The Fruits of Antitheses in Politics and Economics," Dr. Claudius Bojunda upon "New Ferments and Classicism." Count Keyserling himself closed this Academy of a week, with an address in which he summed up the new forces and factors and raised a shining philosophical fabric before the eyes of his followers.

This founder and leader of "The School of Wisdom" won his first crown of fame through his remarkable book, "The Travel Diary of a Philosopher" (*Das Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen*). It appeared shortly after the war and its effect upon intellectual and literary Germany and upon many of the neighboring countries which are galvanized by the major intellectual forces of Germany, was tremendous. It was hailed as a kind of new revelation, a lay Bible for the re-orientation of the modern spirit, a work packed with intensive potentialities of construction, subversion, reformative thought. Leaving his family seat of Raykull in Esthonia, Keyserling, anxious to shake off the rust of the recluse, went on a voyage around the world. He wished to let its great pageant play upon his mind and soul once more. The result was this remarkable work in two volumes, a work unique, full of conclusive yet searching thought, of perfected form and self-questioning, of love of beauty and of freedom from the gravitation and duskiness of the school-bound philosopher. In this book the world, revolving about a dominant personality along an equatorial travel-line which intersected Africa, Asia, Japan, the South Sea Islands and North America from West to East, is held up as a spinning crystal through which all life and history pass as in a vivid procession to the music of a clear and exact yet delicate commentary of critical thought. And then, this modern, perambulant Montaigne, subtle, many-sided, universal, returns to his country seat, in the firm conviction that the

way around the world was after all, the shortest way to himself. The "Travel Diary" is a world in itself, or rather three—the material, the intellectual, the metaphysical. It pulsates with living thought, with lightning-like and intuitive seizures of truth. A deep yet serene music goes through it and it has much of the inevitability of form and content of an inspired work of art.

Keyserling's other books, so far as their influence goes, revolve as planets about this central sun of his transfigured "Diary." "The Framework of the World" is a youthful but brilliant attempt to set up a new system of critical philosophy—an abstract world realized with an artistic, at times almost dramatic power. In "Immortality," another work of his, Keyserling, in his capacity as a naturalist, illuminates the unfathomable problem of life and death critically from the viewpoint of the relation between natural phenomena and the world of human imagining. It is Continuity which, as in a wave and its progress, gives life and man immortality, but "all Philosophy ends with Resignation before the gates of the Inscrutable, and in Awe before the Mystery."

In his book "Philosophy as Art," Keyserling sets up the thesis that Philosophy is not a Science, but an Art, and gives us an insight into the deepest fundamentals of his thought and his work, the realization of self, and the gradual ascent to a clarified apperception. It is a splendid spiritual gesture, a bold act meant to recover for philosophy its ancient meaning and authority—the living love of Wisdom. Another work which many hold to be Count Keyserling's most important and significant, is "A Prolegomena to Natural Philosophy." It proceeds from Kantian postulates, and strives to develop and extend these in accordance with the fruits of modern research. The Kantian world, according to Keyserling, has been made arid by the professional Kantians who preached and interpreted the letter and not the spirit of the Sage. The "Prolegomena" is a book which in spite of its philosophical terminology and sheer reasoning, is full of great and musical rhythms of creative thought. Here we have inspired metaphysics and not labored critical

science applied to the stating, the analysis and the comprehension of the riddles of life.

Keyserling's latest work was published in the autumn of 1922 and is entitled "Creative Knowledge" (*Schöpferische Erkenntnis*.) It is a "wedge-shaped", rhythmical work which, whilst reiterating many of the earlier thoughts and ideals of the philosopher, is directed towards extending their empire and significance as embodied in the "School of Wisdom," and in the personal influence of its founder and leader. Keyserling has become aware of his growing power, of the penetration of his thought into the fabric of the times, of his fecundation of many minds that have in turn become fruitful, of his increasing army of loyal followers and disciples, of the extension of the frontiers of his spiritual realm. His language, especially in his "Foreword," takes on a tone of calm and conscious authority; it is the tone and attitude of the Sage, Prophet and Master—the philosopher has become aware of his place and the pontifical comes of itself.

Running through the fabric of the Keyserlingian philosophy we find again and again echoes and approaches which reveal a certain affinity with the more subtle aspects and depths of American Pragmatism and New Thought, though in his chapters upon America (in the "Diary,") he utters severe judgments upon the materialism of this country, and its pseudo-religious phenomena. Within the shadowy cathedral aisles of the Big Trees in the Mariposa Grove, in California, he is full of hushed reverence and the future of America appears to him in a great vision upon the background of the primitive Golden Past, transported here into the present.

Keyserling's personal teaching of his pupils and disciples is based upon a kind of *exercitium* in the manner of the Jesuits, upon seclusion, meditation, going-into-onesself. Always, he declared to me, his scholars came to him with the question: "What should one do?" And to all of them he restated the question in this form: "What should *I* do?" "For the concept 'one' is always the secondary result of the

sum of individuals and of individual decisions, and so 'one' can become profitable only through the fact that the majority of the personalities in question have chosen that path which in every instance and upon all occasions happened to be that which best suited their peculiarities. There is no primary 'one.' Those who judge and act from the viewpoint of 'one,' deliver themselves up to preconceived abstractions and thereby lose contact with their creative selves."

Thus, in spite of the affiliations of "The School of Wisdom," with the Eastern philosophies, we find an intensification of the personal Ego, an Occidental apotheosis of the individual instead of the Oriental submergence in the All. It is not even submergence in his school or its precepts which Keyserling demands or preaches, but simply voluntary subjection to the master or guiding mind until the personal world has developed itself in strength and fulness. "Creative Knowledge" is not only the latest but also the most provocative and stimulating book which Count Keyserling has written—it is packed with pith and stimulus and even the textual titles at the top of every page are like the concentrated and long-studied names of books. We are confronted by a clear profundity and astuteness to which we must undoubtedly give the name of wisdom, both inborn and acquired, and reinforced by experience.

Count Keyserling may be but a prophet untested by time, may be but one of many prophets crying forth messages new and old, in the sorry wilderness of the age. But he is not a mere peddler or virtuoso in philosophy, but one who is attempting to *build* in the wilderness. In this, too, and not only in the validity of his ideas and the vitality of his philosophy, lies the great significance of this spiritual enterprise in an unspiritual age. Here in this open, deliberate and organized avowal that the meditation of the soul, the purest and freest flights of the human mind, shall still be dominant forces and factors in the life of modern man, there is something almost sublime. This something will determine its own life and this life its own form and this form its own force and fecundity.

ENJOYING POOR LITERATURE

By N. P. DAWSON

SO many people seem to be enjoying poor books these days—as in Ethan Frome's world of nostrums—that it is becoming a little alarming. Let a book only be bad, obscure, "frank" and especially "despairing" enough, and the land becomes filled with the groans and lamentations of young men and women in veritable ecstasies of mingled joy and suffering; until book reviewers seem no longer ordinary respectable persons, doing their day's work and receiving a pay envelope, but whirling and howling dervishes, mediæval holy men beating their breasts and uttering strange incantations. Or if the critics be of milder sex, they raise their voices in imitation of the mourning Irish women in a Synge play, and keen, long and shrilly. However it is, no doubt remains that a good time is being had by all those present.

The book that has recently been enjoyed the most in this odd way, because the most despairing, is Mr. T. S. Eliot's poem, "The Waste Land." Mr. Eliot seems to be one of those Americans seeking a more civilized atmosphere abroad. He is trying London. "The Waste Land" originally appeared in a publication of which he was editor. "An obscure and amusing poem," said one of the prominent English critics—which seems slightly inadequate as contrasted with the enthusiasm of some of the higher criticism in America. Later "The Waste Land" was published in an American magazine, devoted to the higher things, and an award of \$2,000 was given to Mr. Eliot for his service to letters. "The Waste Land" then appeared in a thin volume, with about thirty small pages of poem to half that number of explanatory notes. Whereupon the storm broke! A number of reviewers and critics

were shaken to their depths—to their depths, if the meaning is clear—by the poem; and perhaps more particularly by the awe-inspiring notes. The whole episode of the reception of Mr. Eliot's poem in this country has been sufficiently hilarious to deserve to be recorded with some detail.

"The Waste Land" did strange and truly terrifying things to some of those who read it. "Let me be frank," wrote one of the most distinguished of the critics; and he described unblushingly the "physiological phenomena" which accompanied his first reading of the poem. That he survived is a miracle:

"This poem sings of modern life in accents so anguished, passionate, bitter, hurt and plaintive that it tortured my emotions almost beyond endurance. . . . A mere reading of the poem induced in me such physiological phenomena as may be described as a rushing of hot, feverish blood to the head, a depressing sense of weight about the heart, moisture in the palms and eyes, tremors in the nerves, an increased rapidity of respiration—in short, the accountable and visible phenomena attending ecstasy, wonder and despair (or perhaps intimations of poignant beauty) . . ."

The intimations of poignant beauty seem to have come to this particular critic through the lines that have already been sung from sea to sea, from New York to California and back again, with many stops on the way; until the very cats of the country must know them, as Mark Twain said of "Du bist wie eine Blume,"

O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter
And her daughter.

They *wash* their feet in soda water.

O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole!

The concluding French line is characteristic of Mr. Eliot's erudition, and explains perhaps the intellectual affinity between him and the higher critics. "To comprehend the mood and meaning of these lines," wrote our anguished critic, "is to comprehend the mood and mean-

ing of the whole poem." And anyone who was so careless as to read ice-cream soda-water in quoting them, instead of "just plain soda water"—which everyone knows is good for "tired and swollen feet"—could not be expected to enjoy to the full "The Waste Land." The poem, said this reviewer, is "tragic in mood," and "akin to a dirge or a lament."

Another critic reviewed Mr. Eliot's poem under the heading "The Poetry of Drought." This threw a beam of light into the obscurity. It is easier to understand that "The Waste Land" is a poem of despair, and is indeed another agonized outcry, perhaps, against the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act such as was voiced by the Thirty Americans in their inquiry ("inquest" as someone called it) into "Civilization in the United States." In "The Waste Land" this reviewer found "the delirious hallucinations of a man who is dying of thirst." He wrote that Mr. Eliot "hears in his own parched cry the voice of all the thirsty men of the past . . ."

With this elucidation of the poem, it became easier to see the resemblance of "The Waste Land" to a "dirge or a lament," and to know also why it is "so tragic in mood." It was natural for the poem to be enjoyed more in Prohibition America than in England. The dirge is doubtless "Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum," and the lament is "Oh how dry I am!" Still further support of the dry motive of the poem may be found in the equally celebrated lines:

Out of the window, perilously spread
Her drying combinations, touched by the
sun's last rays.

This lyrical use of underwear led one reviewer, less anguished than the others, to resurrect Oliver Herford's lovely line about "the short and simple flannels of the poor."

A woman critic in this choral of praise for "The Waste Land" found also authentic despair, and wrote: "I think

that Mr. Eliot conceived 'The Waste Land' out of an extremity of tragic emotion and expressed it in his own voice and in the voice of other unhappy men not carefully and elaborately trained in close harmony, but coming as confused and frightening and beautiful murmur out of the bowels of the earth." This reviewer was indeed shaken to the depths by Mr. Eliot's poem; and it must be admitted that tragic emotion might well be in a poem in which a man cruelly admonishes a woman:

"You have them all out, Lil, and get a new set."

A new set of teeth, that is. But how could anyone find the men's tragic voices untrained and inharmonious when confronted by what one of the reviewers of "The Waste Land" called the "ineffable" lines:

"Good night ladies, good night, sweet ladies,
good night, good night."

Still more ineffable, perhaps, the line would have been if had been added, "We're going to leave you now."

Twit, twit, twit,
Jug, jug, jug, jug. . . .

These lines have been explained as "an imitation of the sound of birds," to produce a musical effect, following the example of something in the *Pervigilium Veneris*, Sappho, Ecclesiastes, or we forget what it was. There is musical effect also in the following lines:

Listen to this:

On Margate Sands
I can connect
Nothing with Nothing.
The broken finger nails of dirty hands.
My people, humble people who expect
Nothing.
La, la. . .

Harmony and rhythm are also in the favorite lines in the poem—judging by the frequency with which they have been quoted—which so delicately tell how the woman,

after her caller has gone, like Miss Sadie Thompson in Mr. Maugham's story (and play) puts a record on the gramophone:

She turns and looks a moment in the glass,
 Hardly aware of her departed lover;
 Her brain allows one half-formed thought to pass:
 "Well, now that's done; and I'm glad it's over."
 When lovely woman stoops to folly and
 Paces about her room, alone,
 She smooths her hair with automatic hand,
 And puts a record on the gramophone.

It may be seen by this time that Mr. Eliot, as one of the higher critics admitted, "has drawn rather heavily on books." From the author's notes, this reviewer, to facilitate the reading of the poem, listed the principal sources upon which Mr. Eliot drew to produce his poem of despair: "the Vedic Hymns, Buddha, the Psalms, Ezekiel, Ecclesiastes, Luke, Sappho, Virgil, Ovid, Petronius, the Pervigilium Veneris, St. Augustine, Dante, the Grail legends, early English poetry, Kyd, Spenser, Shakespeare, John Gay, Webster, Middleton, Milton, Goldsmith, Gerard de Nerval, Froude, Baudelaire, Verlaine, Swinburne, Wagner, the Golden Bough, Miss Weston's book, various popular ballads, and the author's own earlier poems."

In view of the fact that there are only seven hundred lines in the entire poem it is agreeable to know that the author has borrowed from some little things of his own. We can imagine Mr. Eliot's amusement in collecting all the lines and sorting them and putting them together. The game of putting words together should at least be as diverting as a picture puzzle. But the point is must the rest of us enjoy it as much as he may have enjoyed it? Are we called upon to enjoy it at all? Nothing used to be more irritating than to watch another person struggling with a picture puzzle; especially if he did not seem to be getting on very well, and it remained a good deal of a muddle. After he had finished(?) reading "Ulysses," Arnold Bennett said he felt like a general who had just

put down an insurrection. Not being a general, however, he seemed to have some doubts as to whether he should have taken upon himself to put down an insurrection. "After all," said Mr. Bennett, "to comprehend 'Ulysses' is not among the recognized learned professions, and nobody should give his entire existence to the job."

So far as "The Waste Land" was concerned, there were enough generals to command, so that all the rest of us had to do was to obey. But it is not enough for some to have a general say that "The Waste Land" is "the finest poem in the English language." They want to be shown. They want at least to have a few sample lines given to them so that they may judge for themselves what all the agony is about—and whether it is time to weep or to laugh.

The author of "The Diary of a Disappointed Man," who died horribly, surely had as much reason as anyone to revel in despair and to welcome a civilization at last laid waste. But even "Barbellion" (Cummings) thought that civilization, unlike modern marriage, was ours now for better or for worse; and he wrote: "There can be no monstrous deflection in its evolution at this late period any more than we can hope to cultivate the pineal eye on top of our heads—useful as it would be in these days of aeroplanes."

If we did have a pineal eye on top of our heads now, we are sure we should see the gods rocking with laughter. And who knows whether Mr. T. S. Eliot himself may not be gently rocking too? At least it is to be hoped that he will try to emulate the admirable poise of Pet Marjorie's barnyard fowl, who in the distress of seeing her progeny profaned—

. . . was more than usually ca'm
She did not give a single damn.

But the discouraging part of the whole matter is that after all the despair and all the dryness and the lamentations, there are writers, and plenty of them, who, like Werther's Charlotte, go on cutting the plain bread-and-

butter of sane and humorous and intelligible literature. Why do they do it? Do they not know that everything has been "done," and a state of "exhaustion" has been reached in prose and verse forms which makes a demand for something new and something different—even if it is something that nobody could ever hope, or even be expected, to understand?

As to exhaustion in poetic (or prose) forms, Sir Henry Newbolt in "A New Study of Poetry" finds the danger as remote as "infinity;" and he recalls the little thing that Masfield was able to do with Chaucer's rhyme-royal in "The Widow in the Bye Street." The poet is not an interior decorator who is in fear of repeating himself and giving some woman the same color scheme as her neighbor's, and who is therefore always seeking new combinations (not, of course, of the drying kind), new patterns and new ornaments. It is generally agreed that when our New England houses were built by a builder, according to a few simple and well-tested plans, they were more beautiful than when they fell into the hands of the agile architects. Nowadays every poet and novelist wants to be on his own, and originality is used as a synonym for perfection.

No, not every poet and novelist, by any means. And this is the despairing (encouraging?) part. Not in a long time, it seems, have there been so many clever and amusing books as are appearing right now. How much more effective than all the laments about the Great Drought, is the passage in Mr. Christopher Morley's "Where the Blue Begins," in which Mr. Gissing, when Mr. Poodle called, told him that he had something left in his cellar—"Mr. Poodle said that he didn't care for anything; but his host could not help hearing the curate's tail quite unconsciously thumping on the chair cushions." Mr. Gissing, like Rose Macaulay's Henry Beechtrees in "Mystery at Geneva," looked like a gentleman, even if he was not one "in the usual sense"—unless a dog may be a gentleman which Mr. Gissing indubitably was.

Things are really not so despairing when Rose Macaulay can poke her clever fun at a League of Nations Conference, without offending anyone—not even the Irish or the Unprotected Armenians. There is something about the Armenians says Miss Macaulay, that makes other people want to assault them; and there is something about the Turks that makes them want to assault other people.

Stella Benson's "The Poor Man" is not unlike the Unprotected Armenian. Everybody just naturally wants to abuse him, and the Turk of a young woman finally does hit him in the face, hits him twice, crying, "You poor thing—you poor thing. . ." And in both Miss Benson's and Miss Macaulay's stories, we are made to realize the melancholy truth that some people are destined to be poor things—some to be Unprotected Armenians and some to be Turks.

"Futility," by William Gerhardt, may sound like "The Waste Land," but anything more ironically gay than this brilliant, most interesting first novel by a man born of British parents in Russia, could not be imagined. It is the story of a large and humorously complicated Russian family; and of Intervention in Siberia to save the mines so necessary to them all. Mr. Gerhardt accepts his Russian world as it is, and describes it with an assumed bewilderment and amusement.

"The Gentleman from San Francisco," by the Russian writer, I. A. Bunin, is assuredly not gay—it is not gay for a gentleman to take his first trip to Europe in a cabin de luxe, and to come back in the hold. But neither is the story lachrymose or melancholy. It, too, is brilliant. And "Elizabeth's" "The Enchanted April"—a curious juxtaposition, it is admitted. But sympathy may be felt for those who are still so young that they cannot enjoy this humorous tale of some drab runaway wives who have a brief month of enchantment in a mediæval castle in Italy. Poor Ladies! When they were dumped out of the cab at the foot of some stairs, they wondered where the

castle was. They were apparently unfamiliar with the modern drama settings where castles are stairs and nothing more.

We are not one of those cheerio persons who thinks the world must be saved for the optimists. But a "little judicious levity" now and then is to be relished, as Stevenson said. "Strike a balance" is a good working philosophy. Bly, the window cleaner in Mr. Galsworthy's play "Windows," talks about "Aigel and anti-Christ Neesha," and says if he were a Blond Beast he would probably put his erring daughter out of the door; or if he were an angel, "I'd starve meself to learn her the piano." Instead, he does neither. He strikes a balance. He takes a glass.

"Ah!" says Bly to his daughter. "I suppose I've drunk more glasses over you're bein' in there (prison) than over anything that ever 'appened to me. Why! I couldn't relish the war for it!"

When Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch advised, "Be bold to murder your darlings," he was addressing authors. But the advice should hold equally well for critics. Adjectives will be needed tomorrow. Other "Waste Lands" may be written. If we sicken and die over T. S. Eliot's poem, we shall not be here to "enjoy" the next one.

Robert Lynde has written that Mr. Saintsbury, with his large and unparalleled collection of authors in his cellar, always seemed to be pressing on his readers "another glass of Jane Austen, just a thimbleful of Pope, or a drop of '42 Tennyson." For "The Waste Land" feeling may similarly be recommended another glass of Rose Macaulay and Stella Benson and Galsworthy and Christopher Morley; a thimbleful of I. A. Bunin; a sparkling overflowing bowl of William Gerhardt; even a wee drop of '23 "Elizabeth." The world will be saved. The end of civilization will once more have been postponed.

AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

ARRRESTS, imprisonments, charges and countercharges of corruption have all added to the complexity of the situation in New York City as a result of the non-enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, and probably if the lid were lifted, a similar complexity would be found in every other city in the country.

Here we have the spectacle of four men "socially prominent" in New York going laughingly to jail for having committed a crime against the Constitution of the United States. When we consider that the four La Montagne brothers who were sentenced to a Federal penitentiary for bootlegging are the friends and associates of the same "society people" who talk about radicalism and the dangers of the lawless emigrants from Europe, we wonder what has become of what in our youth we knew as the American Tradition.

In early Colonial times, the best American families were willing to die for liberty—the right of free speech—the right to worship God as they saw fit. The descendants of the same families seem to be perfectly ready to go to jail in order to preserve the right to get drunk, and not even the sacred Constitution, of which they are the most ardent defenders when any reform or progressive wishes to amend it to afford greater protection to those who work with their hands—has any terrors for them when it interferes with hootch. What we may expect in the future if the present attitude is kept up will be that the "society" reporters of great Metropolitan dailies, Mr. Fauley of the *Times*, and Mr. Allen of the *Herald*, will be obliged to cover the penitentiaries in order to make their news columns complete and spicy.

Thus we may expect to read some morning:

"Mr. William K. Van Astorbilt is spending the week-end at Atlanta prison with a few of his friends. He arrived in his private car "Boozingus," which is on the railroad siding alongside the prison. Incidentally the Government has been obliged to increase the siding facilities at Atlanta as so many private cars are here waiting to take northern visitors to other winter resorts."

Mr. dePeyster Van Rhinelander was host at a bridge and checkers party last Tuesday at Essex County Federal Prison, having for his guests some of the famous New York attorneys who defended him in his recent controversy with the Government, in which he came off second best, resulting in his invitation to spend a month in this quiet and exclusive retreat. Mr. Van Rhinelander is very popular with the other guests here and his democratic ways have made him many friends. He plans, on leaving, for a cruise in Southern waters and it is said that one of his guests will be the famous bank burglar, Charlie Blackjack, whom he has come to know

and admire immensely since meeting him in this caravansary of governmental displeasure."

* * *

More astounding than the attitude of the society people were the pleas of the distinguished attorneys who went into court and stood up before the Judge who was about to sentence the "society bootleggers," and uttered, what we hope we will be pardoned for calling, the prize banalities of this curious age.

Mr. Joseph S. Auerbach is one of the leaders of the American bar, a gentleman who has written for *THE FORUM* and whom only a few months ago we editorially commended for the high moral character of his writings.

Not so soon did we think that we would be obliged to say of Mr. Auerbach that his speech in Court in which he pleaded for a light sentence for these bootleggers does him little credit and, should he live long enough, will come back to plague him. For when a distinguished leader of the bar asks for leniency for culprits, it should never be on the ground that the law of the land is one for which a certain number of people have no respect.

More shameful, however, and one more insulting to the intelligence was the oratorical effort of Mr. John G. Milburn, former President of the State Bar Association—a man who is supposed to represent in his person the dignity of the bar, and yet who had the effrontery to plead that the prominence of the defendants as tennis players and polo players should be considered in the pronouncement of sentence.

Is it any wonder that the influence of the original stock of America is lessening year by year—in the East, and especially in New York City, when exhibitions such as these are made in public by those who are supposed to know how subtle are the influences that go to make for lawlessness and disregard of the American Constitution.

* * *

The other side of the picture is quite as nauseating. For years the leader of the anti-wet forces of New York has been Mr. William H. Anderson, who is now being investigated by the District Attorney of New York County as a result of information lodged with him that Anderson forced a subordinate to split commissions with him and had spent \$24,000 of the Anti-Saloon League's money in mysterious publicity ways. A respected minister, the head of the society, Dr. Burrell, rushes to the defense of Anderson with the blatant statement that if Anderson has done wrong the directors knew of it and if Anderson goes to jail, they should go to jail too. Of a man of Dr. Burrell's position and profession, one would like to speak with gentleness, but apparently he does not see the moral side of the question and apparently is indifferent to the disgust with which the public looks on the inside workings of the Anti-Saloon League. Both Anderson and Dr. Burrell pour out their wrath on the head of the former

employee, who gathered money for them and who has exposed the inner workings, not realizing that if their collector, Phillips, was half that they say he is, he should never have been in their employ. As if the scandal had no end, Phillips is revealed to have made large sums of money which apparently the United States Government was not aware of, for the Collector of Internal Revenue has to call his attention to the fact that he had not filed an income tax return. Phillips blithesomely retorts that his private affairs should not be exposed to the public and that he is going to have a bill introduced in the House of Representatives to protect citizens who have difficulties with the Income Tax Department!

A sad mess, a sad world, my master's.

* * *

During the past month but little light has been shed on what is really happening in the Valley of the Ruhr. The French advance, minutely planned in every detail, has been completed and the latest reports state that over three-fourths of the mining district is in the French hands, and that over three million out of the three and a half million German inhabitants are now living under French rule.

The latest French reports state that already nearly 2,000 carloads of coal have been exported from the Valley of the Ruhr to France, and before three months are over the mines operated by German workmen will be producing their maximum output. The German reply to this is that they will be able to hamper every French move and will be able to do without the coal coming from the Ruhr. They hope, by buying their supplies of coal from England and Scandinavia, to be able to surmount the difficulties and to play a "fight to the finish" game with the French forces.

What the outcome will be it is most difficult to determine. Naturally the French papers are full of optimism, while the German's still unfalteringly breathe open defiance. The English as a whole appear to be somewhat pessimistic as to the outcome, but do not wish to take any step which might decrease France's chance of ultimate victory.

In this country the one indication—the stock exchange trend—has remained thoroughly satisfactory for France. Despite the warnings issued by several of the greatest financiers in the country that ruin was inevitable, and that French francs would probably be where the German marks are at present, not only has France been able to keep almost up to their old standard, but the general money market has appeared to be extremely hopeful of the outcome.

We do not take quite such an optimistic view of the situation. France is spending millions of francs a day from which, at present, she is getting no results. Ultimately, in three or four months, she may come to an understanding with Germany, but will she be able to gain sufficient compensation to be able to warrant the great expenses that are every day piling higher and higher?